

Our Heroes Calling

We are the Dead. Short
days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw
sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and
now we lie
In Flanders fields.
If ye break faith with us
who die
We shall not sleep, though
poppies grow
In Flanders fields. John McCrae

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

WHAT THE
GREAT WAR
COST

See page 7

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SILENCE FOR THOSE WHO DIED FOR US

EUROPE, WHICH WILL YOU HAVE? Christ or Barabbas?

WE who are alive today are witnessing the central drama of the human race. We are looking on at the saddest thing since Calvary. Then it was the crucifixion of the Light of the World; now it is the crucifixion of the race for which He died.

In a thousand years to come men will still read the tragedy of these days. They will look back through time and see the nations at the cross-roads of their destiny, see mankind helpless in the grip of forces almost beyond control. They will see Europe on the slippery edge of a precipice, with the men at the helm finding it almost impossible to hold it back.

We believe that Europe will be saved. We believe that the world as we know it will not perish. We believe that through the long, dark night is a shining light that ever beckons on the human race. We believe that God will guide and save His people. We believe that God will save His people because there will yet arise, in all the nations everywhere, a spirit that will fling out cravens and will break down the feuds and vanities and follies of our time.

The one thing that can save us all is the goodwill in the hearts of all good people in every land under the sun.

It would probably be true to say that the men who betrayed the human race at Versailles thought they were doing their best; but most of them have passed from the scene. What remains is the consequence of what they did, the terrible calamity they brought upon mankind.

The Two Ways Before Us

The past is past. Gone is its infamy and its credulity; gone are the lives and hopes and dreams of those ten million men who lie beneath a stricken field or in the ocean-bed. What we have to do with these past years is to regret them with a bitterness that nothing can exceed, and to let them be a warning to us all.

Let us look at the two ways that lie before Europe, the one leading to reasonable happiness for its 500 million people, the other leading to ruin and death. Once more it is the choice of civilisation or barbarism, Christ or Barabbas.

The curse of the whole human race is the insanity of the hatreds of Europe. We have seen it at work all through our lives, and the world has paid for it with the lives of the best manhood of our generation.

It made the war; it kept alive the spirit of hate that ground men to powder. It took all the knowledge and power and treasure that man had built up for ages and fashioned it into instruments of murder. It set one half of the continent of Europe sharpening its swords and ramming its guns against the other half, so that when war came at last the question was not which cause was just, but whose steel would last the longest, which nation would first get tired of seeing its men and boys blown into bits or tortured by fire.

The life of Europe had come to that. The War Men had built up their armies until something must be done with them. Arms like mountains—the madness of Bedlam was as nothing to this.

The Noblest Sacrificed

See how the theory works out. The man on the other side of your wall wanted to steal your apples, and so you guarded your wall. You put an armed man there, only to find that your neighbour put one there also. You put two, and he put two. You fixed a gun, and he fixed one. You raised a fort, and he raised one. And in the end, after much snarling and rattling of bayonets, there was a clash of arms, the wall was in fragments, your family and your neighbours were bankrupt or starving or dead, and the apples were withered on the tree. Is it not a pity that you did not pause to ask if the apples were worth it?

For madness like this men and boys have been led like sheep to the slaughter, and it was to end this frenzied holocaust of human life that the noblest manhood on the earth sacrificed itself in France.

We told them it was War to end War, and they believed it; for so sublime a cause they were willing to die. They did not know that it was so soon to be a lie. They did not know that when the German Fleet was at the bottom of the sea, and the German Army broken, there would be more armed men in Europe than before the war. They did not know that when the enemy was beaten we were to kick her still. They did not know that black soldiers were to be kept on guard in Europe against white men.

They did not know we were to cry for the moon as a prize of the war and to keep Europe as a seething mass of misery until the enemy gave us the

Continued on page 4

The Knight of the Peace Crusade



ALL you who still in terror live
And fear the thing called war,
Be strong: believe the day will
dawn
When men will fight no more.

Behold a very gallant knight
Ride forth with shining blade,
Leading on in grand array
The shining Peace Crusade.

His armour is a dauntless faith,
His strength a vision bright;
His trumpet tells the world
afraid
To stand for God and Right.

The old world in its dotage clings
To creeds outworn by time;
Here come crusading knights to
make
The thought of war a crime;

To fight for lost ideals that men
Have never dared to try;
To show us that to live and serve
Is nobler than to die.

The valiant Knight of Peace leads
on,
Undaunted, unafraid;
His challenge is to me, to you,
To join his Peace Crusade.

WE MUST BE GOOD NEIGHBOURS

Or There Can Be No Peace

By President Roosevelt

It is becoming increasingly clear that peace by fear has no higher or more enduring quality than peace by the sword.

There can be no peace if the reign of law is to be replaced by a sanctification of sheer force.

There can be no peace if national policy adopts as a deliberate instrument the threat of war.

There can be no peace if national policy adopts as a deliberate instrument the dispersion all over the world of millions of persecuted wanderers with no place to lay their heads.

There can be no peace if men and women are not free to think their own thoughts, to express their own feelings, and to worship God.

There can be no peace if economic resources that ought to be devoted to social and economic reconstruction are to be diverted to competition in armaments, which will heighten suspicions and threaten the economic prosperity of every nation.

We desire nothing but good relations with our neighbours and recognise that the world today has become our neighbour; but in the principle of the good neighbour there are certain obligations involved. There must be a deliberate conscious will that political changes shall be made peacefully. That means due regard for the sanctity of treaties. You cannot organise civilisation round the core of militarism and at the same time expect reason to control human destiny.

We are determined to use every endeavour in order that the western hemisphere may work out its own salvation in the light of its own experience, and we affirm our faith that, whatever choice of a way of life a people makes, that choice must not threaten the world with the disaster of war. The impact of such a disaster cannot be confined. It releases a floodtide of evil emotions fatal to civilised living.

Getting on the Bus

For a long time the London Transport Board, by putting up notices at the chief bus stops, has tried to persuade rush-hour passengers to queue up.

Persuasion having failed, the Board has taken steps to make the queue compulsory when more than six passengers are waiting for the bus at the recognised stopping-place. The queue must not be more than two abreast, and anybody who disturbs its order or tries to do without it will be liable to pay a fine of forty shillings.

It comes into force with the New Year, when the weakest will no longer be left in the gutter; and so it should inaugurate a happier New Year for all.

Moving 320,000 Books

A taxi and 161 pantechnicons were used to move the library of London University from South Kensington to its new home in the lofty tower in Bloomsbury. The move was completed without interfering in any way with the issue of books to students, a triumph of organisation, for not one of the 320,000 books was lost or misplaced. The taxi was used for precious documents.

A Coronation Bell at the Queen's Birthplace

A peal of six bells instead of five now rings in the Hertfordshire church of St Paul's Walden, in which the Queen was baptised. The new bell was given by the parishioners to commemorate the Coronation, and the King and Queen were among the subscribers.

He Gave Us Our Two-Minute Silence

The man to whom we owe the Two-Minute Silence was a journalist, Edward Honey, an Australian reporter.

It is said that the idea came to him in a Fleet Street teashop. He felt that something was wanted to make the world think of the significance of war and peace; and the idea of a nation standing still and keeping quiet for five minutes came into his mind.

An article he wrote about it was read by Sir Percy Fitzpatrick of the South African Government, who brought it to the notice of King George the Fifth. The King approved of the idea, and invited Mr Honey to a rehearsal at Buckingham Palace. It was found that a silence of five minutes was too long, and one of two minutes was agreed on.

It is sad that before the second Silence came Edward Honey had passed into the last Great Silence.

No Tourists For Japan

Nobody goes to Japan for pleasure now. The voice of the tourist is heard no more in the land.

In past years 40,000 tourists a year would visit what everyone thought a quaint little kingdom, with its wonderful mountain Fujiyama and the scenes made familiar by Japanese prints.

Now hardly more than a thousand foreigners go there in the year, and these are business people. The hotels are as empty of tourists as the shipping lines. It is not hard to tell why. The flow of language from the so-called Japanese spokesmen has made it clear that Japan does not like the foreigner, and consequently the foreigner is beginning to think that he does not like Japan.

Coming events are casting their shadows before them. The loss of the tourist trade, which was very lucrative to Japan, is one example of the dislike spreading all over the world of Japanese conduct of an unholy war; of Japanese military arrogance; of Japanese untrustworthiness; of nearly everything Japanese. And Japan was next year to have invited all the world to the Olympic Games!

The Antarctic Flier's Dream

Lincoln Ellsworth is off again, and is now on his way to the Antarctic.

He has been before. The last time the world heard of him was when he was crossing the Antarctic continent from Dundee Island to Little America in the Bay of Whales. He and his Canadian pilot Hollick Kenyon were lost to sight and sound for eight weeks.

Now he and his pilot are again making the 2000-mile crossing over the high range which is the backbone of the Antarctic continent. If any should ask why he is doing it, the answer is in the words he wrote when telling his story:

"If anyone asks if I shall go again I do not quite know. But whoever has known heights and depths shall not again know peace, for he who has trodden the path to the stars knows peace no more."

The Boy in the Mine

We have been glad to see this note in a letter from Mr R. A. C. Radcliffe, Acting Secretary, Notts Association of Boys Clubs.

The colliery companies could, if they really tackled the problem with a system of proper training and apprenticeship, end the industrial evil of employing boys of 14 and 15 underground, to the acknowledged detriment of their health and the danger of their lives.

Some few colliery companies have set the example, but it is not being followed, and the time has surely come when the State must intervene to forbid a practice already illegal in most European countries and against both conscience and common-sense.

A FOREST FIRE IN CANADA

Mothers Die For Their Children

Canada's hot, dry summer dried the fuel for a terrible forest fire in north-west Ontario.

A friend of the C N in Toronto sends us particulars of this devastating blaze which lasted three days or more and swept the country near the Rainy River district and the International Falls on the U S boundary.

All the resources of the State Forestry Department were thrown in to fight the flames, and from over the border the Minnesota Forestry men joined in the battle. The railway kept locomotives with water-tanks patrolling the lines from Rainy River to Fort Frances; but a wall of fire a mile wide, fanned by a high wind, defied them as long as it found fuel to burn.

Little Water to Spare

Of that there was plenty, for the long succession of cloudless days had left lumber refuse, and all dead material in the bush, tinder dry. But of water there was little to spare. Wells were dry, and with only an occasional small creek to depend on the firefighters had to depend on shovelling earth on the embers, a method almost hopeless when fire gets among the tops of the trees and roars along with the speed of an express.

Villages and homes and telegraph lines were destroyed, and streams of refugees were driven into Fort Frances. That was not the extent of the toll levied by this ruinous forest fire, the worst for sixteen years, for seventeen lives were lost in it, men, women, and children. Mothers died in trying to save their children. Two were found who had thrown themselves on the ground to shield their babies from the fiery monster pursuing them. If there could be any alleviation of the memory of such a tragedy it would be in these examples of love as strong as death.

Caused by Carelessness

The most singular fact about the holocaust is that it was not altogether unexpected. There had been small bush fires on either side of the border and settlers had been warned. But many refused to believe that the fire would spread, and paid the penalty of ruined homes and blackened wastes for their optimism; and some unhappily paid more. American and Canadian settlers suffered alike.

By the side of a forest fire like this those on English heaths and woodlands seem insignificant; but the causes of forest fires in Canada are only too often the same as those which fire our heaths. Someone has it on his conscience that some act of carelessness, a dropped match or cigarette, a wayside fire of sticks and paper left to burn, has destroyed the homes and happiness of scores of people. In Canada's wilds or on England's commons the cause and the consequences are the same.

£100 Prize

The Safety First Association is offering a scholarship of £100 to the student or apprentice who writes the best essay on the prevention of accidents among young people.

The winner will be required to spend the prize on a visit to America and study the prevention methods in that country. On returning home he will be required to submit a full report with suggestions for preventing accidents in the light of his experiences overseas. If this report satisfies the examiners he will receive an extra prize of £21.

The generosity of Imperial Chemical Industries has made this excellent scheme possible, and full details with entry forms can be obtained from the S F A at 52 Grosvenor Gardens, S W 1.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

The Cabinet changes include the appointment of Lord Runciman as Lord Chancellor and Sir John Anderson as Lord Privy Seal with responsibility for Civilian Defence.

For throwing peanut shells on the ground at Finsbury Park a man has been fined five shillings at Highgate.

Finland hotels have adopted the practice of a ten per cent charge on the bill in place of tips.

A blind stereotyper has just completed the New Testament in Braille for the National Institute for the Blind.

It is no good crying over spilt milk, but it was sad to see gallons of milk streaming along the road in Ludgate Circus when a motor-van collided with a milk delivery float.

An American one-cent stamp of 1851 realised £5400 at an auction at Hamburg.

The Bushman paintings at Oskloof, Tradouw, South Africa, have been taken over by the Government and made a national monument.

London's busiest Underground station is Charing Cross, where three lines meet; it is used by 41,000,000 passengers a year, compared with Piccadilly's 28,000,000.

Italy and Britain

The Government has announced its intention of bringing into force the Anglo-Italian Agreement which was signed last April.

The provisions, which were fully set out in the C N at that time, define the relations between the two Powers in the Mediterranean and the Red Sea and in the countries along their shores.

THINGS SEEN

The biggest Union Jack in the world at Norwich, 60 feet by 30.

Corn carried by lamplight in Wales during the recent mild weather.

Ripe October plums picked in a Chislehurst garden.

An A A scout on a Surrey road mending a small boy's tricycle.

THINGS SAID

I strongly advise young people to be teetotal and play with a straight bat.

Leonard Hutton the cricketer

I think we are in for years of peace and quiet.

General Smuts

A shilling's worth of mixed stamps, please. A child in a Sevenoaks post office

I was a fine, healthy man when I took office and I left it a wreck. I think public speaking was at the bottom of it.

Lord Baldwin

Live as if you were going to die tomorrow, but farm as if you were going to live for ever.

Professor McGregor of Leeds

If ever a man of the British Legion comes to Germany he may count on a hearty handshake.

A German writer

THE BROADCASTER

THE new Lord Mayor of Nottingham declares that no alcohol will be served at any of his gatherings.

THE opening of gardens in Scotland last year yielded £6774 for the Nurses Fund.

WORKING boys at Cambuslang, in Lanarkshire, have raised £60 to buy an invalid chair for a cripple.

TWO London hospitals the other day received a cheque for £1000.

THE Boy Scout Appeal for £250,000 is now assured of success.



NEW YORK AND OLD ENGLAND

Above, a wonderful view of the skyscrapers of New York photographed from the 1250-foot tower of the Empire State Building. Below, the midday rest for men and horses on a farm in Hampshire



THE CORNWELL BADGE OF COURAGE Won by Stanley Ince of Roland House

Roland House on Stepney Green, the Headquarters of the East London Boy Scouts, has another hero to add to its roll of fame.

He is Stanley Ince, the Warden, who has been awarded the Cornwell Badge, the highest honour for courage the Boy Scouts Association can bestow.

Roland House is named after Roland Philipps, son of Lord St Davids. He founded it in the hope and expectation of continuing a life of service among East End boys. The war intervened to put an end to these hopes and claim his life. But in yielding it on the battlefield of the Somme he won the Victoria Cross; and his sword rests on the altar of the chapel in the cellar of the house he founded. The Boy Scouts Badge of Courage is named after Jack Cornwell, the Scout V C who fell at Jutland.

Both of these were glorious in their lives and in their sacrifice. Stanley Ince's courage is of another kind. It is the courage of one who lived on to strive in peace, despite the terrible handicap inflicted on him by war.

He was one who in the years before the war threw all his tremendous energies into making scouting a reality to East End boys. One by one the pioneers of that splendid movement died in battle; and the crowning tragedy was when Roland Philipps fell. Stanley Ince remained. But he was crippled with that most terrible affliction poliomyelitis, and was doomed to spend the rest of his days on crutches.

But Roland Philipps had asked him to carry on, and he has done so. His burden has increased. He cannot walk, he can hardly write. But he carries on.

His strong soul has made up for his feeble body; and that is why he will wear the Cornwell badge.

Treasures at the Book Fair

Boys and girls who visit the National Book Fair at Earls Court from November 4 to 21 should not miss seeing the earliest copies of some famous story books that have delighted generations of young readers.

Two such books are Robinson Crusoe and Gulliver's Travels, each of which was first published over 200 years ago.

Other well-known books which still have a place in the hearts of children, and may be seen at the Fair as they first came from the press, are Alice in Wonderland, Kate Greenaway's Mother Goose, Tom Brown's Schooldays, and Treasure Island. One rare volume is Rhymes for the Nursery, in which first appeared Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

A part of the Fair has been arranged as a Boys and Girls Bookroom, where more than a thousand selected volumes can be examined. It will also contain displays of song books, picture books, books on puppetry and other hobbies, and Fifty books that no child should miss. Picture books for young readers are becoming more and more attractive, and the choicest of them have been assembled here.

For those who wish to know how a book is actually produced there will be a number of working exhibits showing the making of the paper, the setting of the type, the printing of coloured pictures, and the binding and decoration.

Saturday, November 12, has been set aside for boys and girls, and Professor A. M. Low will speak on Conjuring with Science, Mr R. L. G. Irving on Mountaineering, while Mr Hubert Phillips, the puzzle expert, will conduct a Spelling Bee at which book tokens will be given to the best spellers.

Christ or Barabbas ?

Continued from page 1

moon. They did not know that the new world they died for was a world whose statesmen would not see that two and two make four. They did not know that 20 years after fighting stopped in France all Europe would be building bombing planes.

We may be thankful that they did not know; it is some consolation that they died believing that we meant the things we said. And yet the truth is that *never for a day since fighting ceased have the statesmen of the world tried honestly to save the world from war.*

The truth is that if the rulers of the world would leave out *politics* they could settle Europe in a day. Sitting round a table, they could bring peace and goodwill among men. They could set the heart of humanity beating high and start the wheels of industry. They could find useful work for all our unemployed; they could give the refugees homes and the starving people bread to eat.

It was hate that made a peace of vengeance instead of a peace of Justice.

What would happen if the Governments of the four chief nations of Europe could sit round a table and talk like sensible men without a thought of politics? France and Italy and Britain and Germany would say:

We will all disarm ourselves and join the League of Nations, which shall settle all disputes among us, and resist any nation that fires the first shot against another.

For the future we will be good neighbours all—good Frenchmen, good Italians, good Germans, good Britons, but good Europeans over all, realising that we depend on each other, that if one suffers all must suffer, that not one of us can prosper while another starves.

But we do not get plain talk like this among the statesmen of Europe. The business men can settle their affairs and trust each other. The post offices of all these countries can work together. Their scientists help one another. Their legal systems protect each other. It is only in politics that commonsense can never have its way. In politics we must hate each other, fight each other, kill each other. In politics there are men in every country in Europe building up hatred, plotting little schemes of greed or jealousy or vengeance. Most of all behind the politics and hatreds of Europe are those invisible enemies of mankind, Ignorance and Fear. *The Frenchman is afraid to trust the German, the Italian will not trust the Englishman, the citizen everywhere is filled with fear.* What he wants, he will tell you, is Security.

He is right in wanting it, and he must have it. France must be made

secure. We must all be made secure. Yet security is the thing that militarism can never secure. Never in the world has the happiness of a nation been made secure by force. The cudgel gave way to the stone, the stone to the arrow, the arrow to the musket, the musket to the rifle, the rifle to the machine-gun. Trust to these things, and one day a barbarian nation armed with the weapons of the European will wipe out civilisation. Security does not lie in these things.

We are in the twentieth year since the fighting in the Great War stopped. It began because Europe cried out for security against the German Army and the German Fleet; but twenty years after the victory Europe is less secure than when the Kaiser rode at the head of his unconquered troops. Europe is more afraid than ever; she has more armed men today than ever in the history of the world.

Is it not as plain as anything can be that there is but one way to Security? Build up your gigantic army, and in the dark hour of the night a flying man will come and blow up its munitions while you sleep. Build your mighty fleet, and an invisible power in the ether will strike your ships and send them to their doom. Rouse the spirit of your people, and a man will drop little packets from the sky which will blind and maim and poison them, and desolate their towns. Science does not sleep like politicians, and her frightful secrets are not alone for those of good intentions. Science will arm a blackguard as she arms a hero; her powers are at the service of every noble nation and every ruthless rabble on the earth.

Where, then, lies Security, the dream of men of all the ages and of all the races? *It lies in the heart of every man.* It lies in mutual trust, in moral law, in persuading men that only by cooperation and goodwill and friendship can we reach the height of our powers. It lies in three words spoken long ago in Galilee—*Love one another.*

For nearly two thousand years the continent of Europe has been the citadel of Christianity, and all these centuries the peoples have been fighting one another. They have been like animals, blind to facts and moral laws. Is it not worth while at last for nations to be decent, for men to be friendly, for pulpits to be Christian, for papers to be honest, for parliaments to be faithful to mankind?

Is it not worth while at last, after two thousand years of hating one another, to begin to love one another? After talking about it so long, is it not worth while to try Christianity and see what it can do?

Arthur Mee

Have You Seen a Railway Wagon ?

A ten-ton railway wagon, laden to full capacity, left York on August 13 for Ashburton and has not been seen since. If any C N readers happen to see the wagon will they kindly write at once to the L N E R, as it is feared the poor wagon may be suffering from loss of lines?

It may seem hard to believe in the loss of a railway wagon, but stranger things than this have happened on the railway. A grand piano was once lost, and a van load of furniture disappeared a few years ago.

Twelve Swallows Go the Wrong Way

Not long ago twelve swallows flew on board the P and O liner Chitral in the Bay of Biscay, settled down comfortably in the smoking-room, and began building their nests.

They were probably reckoning on the liner being bound for warmer climes; but they made a mistake, for the Chitral was homeward bound from the Far East. The birds soon found themselves back in England, and are now perhaps wondering how they came to make such an error of judgment.

IF WAR CAME Emptying the Towns and Filling the Countryside

It has always seemed to the C N that if the world went mad and London were bombed it was more important to get people out of it than to find them shelters in it, especially the children.

This, according to the report of Sir John Anderson's Committee, appears to have been the first thing thought of and the last thing thought out. The size of London, its eight million people within its wider boundaries and its congestion of inhabitants in many parts of it, make the problem one of immense difficulty. Even if arrangements can be made for getting out of London those who can do no good by staying there it is still uncertain where to transfer them, and how to keep them when they are moved there.

London's Million Children

The first need is that of removing the children, of whom those in the council schools alone number 700,000. A million London children in all would be a modest estimate. How are these to be moved? As long ago as last May the L C C supplied the Home Office with a scheme for evacuation, and we have no reason to doubt that it was a practicable one. The Anderson Committee adds the information that the London Transport Board undertakes to remove people at the rate of 100,000 an hour from Central London, on which the bombs would be most plentifully directed, provided all goods and passenger traffic were suspended.

This would clear out the most helpless part of the population, including the children, in less than a day—if no hitch occurred, no breakdown took place on the lines of transport, and if there were a large enough body of officials and trained volunteers to superintend the removal. But the expectation that no hitches would occur, and no disastrous blocks, is too much to hope for. In order that all should go as if on rubber tyres some vast dress rehearsals would be needed. When and how could they be organised?

Supposing that the evacuation did take place, and were not upset by the hordes of people flying away in panic, where are the refugees, authorised and unauthorised, to find their resting-place? It is safe to predict that London will disclose a hidden million who want to leave it whether they have a place in any official scheme of evacuation or not. In the recent crisis 18,000 people fled to Ireland and thousands more to the West Country and Wales. By how many would these numbers be increased when the bombs really began to fall?

All For All

That is one side of the problem. Evacuation of London would surely be followed by evacuation of Birmingham and the more accessible big towns of the Midlands and the North. When their populations begin to invade the country the country will have a hard task to find room for them, and, as we believe, to feed them. It is suggested that round about London, where it begins to be country, 3,200,000 people might find a temporary home, and that a third of the town population of England might find similar harbourage.

That may be true, but anyone who honestly faces the problems must pray that the need may never arise. If it does arise it will never be met without a scheme in which every local authority takes its share, and understands its responsibilities. The disclosure of how disjointed and how ineffective were the Air Raid precautions of gas masks and improvised dug-outs and trenches is a warning that when we have to defend ourselves it must not be everyone for himself, but All for All.

NESTING ON A YACHT

It is nesting-time in South Africa. While the president of the sailing club at Gatooma was away on a holiday he left his yacht at her moorings.

When he returned he found that a wagtail had built a nest in a sail locker. He did not disturb the nest, and a young bird was hatched.

Afterwards the yachtsman often went sailing. Each time the boat went out the mother bird stayed at the landing stage and waited for the return of the young wagtail.

A FRIENDLY GESTURE

The Germans are justly proud of their new roads, and among their latest constructions is a speed track added to the great motor road between Berlin and Leipzig.

This has been done by substituting concrete for the usual central grass strip for a length of ten level miles.

A British driver, Major A. T. Gardner, is to be the first to try this record course; General Huhnlein, the German Sport Chief, has courteously invited him and his staff to attack existing speed records on the new track. This is the sort of gesture which makes for friendship between nations, and we gladly record it. Major Gardner is to use a car built for him by Lord Nuffield.

General Huhnlein has lately been to England, and has declared that he was greatly impressed by the discipline here, and the way in which gigantic traffic is disposed of without friction.

THE OLD FOLK

Mr and Mrs Simpson, a Lancashire couple who have just celebrated their 84th birthday, say that if you want to live long you should drink new milk when you feel unwell.

To make a thorough job of it they have just celebrated their diamond wedding. Mrs Simpson has three sisters all over 70, one brother 75, and one sister 80.

A PARLIAMENT OF YOUTH

A committee of influential people is organising a National Parliament of Youth to help young people to understand the duties of citizenship.

The parliament will be open to all youth organisations, who will be able to bring forward bills and motions on social, industrial, and other matters affecting the young. Such questions as fitness, defence, conscription, unemployment, and education are likely to be among those considered.

It is hoped to adapt Parliamentary procedure for the purpose of the Youth Parliament, but on this point we should advise the Committee to think twice before copying some of the absurdities of Westminster. It is a chance for Youth to show a better way.

FLIGHT OF THE WILD BIRDS

The marking of a number of wild birds of late has resulted in tracking two chaffinches, marked in England last winter. They were found in Sweden during the middle of the summer, and a redwing marked over a year ago was identified in Italy a short time ago.

TWO FISHERMEN FROM CORNWALL

Who does not love that story of two fishermen from Looe who were called up in the Crisis to report as naval reservists at an eastern port?

When leave to return was being given they asked for early release, but were reluctant to give any special reason. On being pressed, however, they said:

When the call came on Thursday morning the first intimation we got was from a drifter passing by, which told us we had been called up. We took passage to the shore in the drifter, and, sir, if you can permit us to get away early today it is possible that we shall be able to save our nets, which we left where they were when the call came.

Old Folks at Home

ONE of the best stories we have heard for a long time is of two old folk who lived in a cottage which had become very dear to them. To it they had gone when newly married, and in it had passed all their days, growing old together there.

Not long ago they heard the sad news that the cottage had been condemned and must be pulled down. They shuffled off to the local authorities and pleaded for the old house. They had lived in it over half a century and they wanted to die in it, they said. Could it not be left as it was till their day was done? The authorities were sorry, but firm, and the old folk were told to move.

AN ISLAND LEFT ALONE

The Calf of Man at the southern end of the Isle of Man has been without a population for a fortnight, while its one family went for a holiday on the mainland.

Mr Robert Garrett farms the island, and it was his wife's first visit to the mainland for four years, one of her children, who is four, having never left the island before.

The Calf of Man now belongs to the National Trust, and its local committee wish to make the island a bird sanctuary and to send a bird watcher to live there. There is only one house, and the Garrett family have been asked to leave as soon as convenient. They will leave with regret, for they love their solitary life. When they move they will take with them their twelve head of cattle and flock of a hundred sheep; the animals will swim to the mainland.

STURGEON CENTENARIAN

A sturgeon over a hundred years old and weighing 767 pounds has lately been caught in the Fraser River, British Columbia. The age of the monster was shown by the number of rings on its car-bones, which form at the rate of one a year.

THE MAGPIE ON THE LINE

Mischievous magpies and white ants have long been destroying portions of the telegraph line between Darwin and Port Augusta in the north and south of Australia. It is said to be the longest telegraph line in the world.

It is hoped that the magpie nuisance is now being overcome. Bunches of loose lengths of wire are now being placed at intervals along the line, so that the birds may use them as nesting materials instead of pecking pieces out of the line itself.

Back they went, the old woman to begin spring-cleaning, the old man helping her. They scrubbed the floors. They washed the paint. They polished the windows. The old man trimmed the privet hedge he had planted in his younger days. The old woman black-leaded the kitchen grate. Then they gathered up their belongings, closed the door behind them for the last time, and went to temporary lodgings which had been found for them.

"Aye," said he, "we're leaving the old house."

"That we be, John," whispered his wife, "but we be leaving it as clean as it was the day we went in."

THE ACCIDENT CLUE

Most people would be glad to forget an accident, especially one that occurred 20 years ago, but a firm of solicitors in New York has asked the Mayor of St Helens for assistance in tracing the children of a man about whom the main clue is that he had an accident 20 years ago in St Helens. When found the children will inherit an estate.

MILLIONS OF CHRISTMAS BOXES

Long before most of us have decided on our Christmas presents the people who make and sell them have had to make up their minds what we can buy and what will be bought for us.

A famous firm of chocolate manufacturers recently undertook an investigation to find out how many people give chocolates as presents, and it was found that about 60 per cent of gift buyers give a box of chocolates.

This firm has to decide nearly a year in advance about their Christmas gift boxes—how many they shall make, what sort and what price, how many designs, how many miles of ribbon, how many thousands of sprays of artificial flowers. They tell us that by the end of this season they will have sold more than two and a half million gift boxes besides their standard lines.

This is the record of the famous firm of Cadbury, and this vast output comes from the wonderful works at Bournville.

A HOME FOR A CITY

Mrs Catherine Garrett, who passed away not long ago, has left a convalescent home for children she founded at Conway to the city of Manchester.

Mrs Garrett lived in Manchester for many years, and it was the conditions among the poor patients of her doctor husband which led her to found the home.

FISHERMAN'S TALE

Fishing from the seashore is a favourite sport among East Anglians, especially during the autumn; and this story just reaches us.

At Southwold a fisherman baited his line and threw it into the sea; then he left his rod wedged among the pebbles and went away.

When he returned the rod had vanished. The next day a lady fishing off Southwold pier felt a hard tug on her line and pulled in—not the Southwold monster, but the missing rod and line with a conger eel of twenty pounds at the end of it.

NAHUM'S VISION REALISED

A distinguished company of justices at the annual conference of the Magistrates Association urged the infliction of more serious punishment on motorists who drive about the country imperilling life, injuring people, and destroying property.

Reading this, a friend of ours watched with dismay and indignation a typical night scene in a London suburb, where, in spite of a speed limit, cars were racing three abreast at more than 50 miles an hour to the utter disregard of law and safety.

Here was a veritable realisation of that vision of the prophet Nahum:

The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall justle one against another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings.

Here was the whole prophetic vision come to life, and unhappily it is not an uncommon sight. Hundreds of times we have seen it and felt distressed for the pedestrian waiting to cross the road.

A GREAT DETECTIVE

Surely no detective, real or fictional, can have had more baffling cases to deal with than Sexton Blake.

In the Sexton Blake Annual appears a collection of thrilling stories concerning some of his greatest exploits. It is a real omnibus of thrills that all who like detective tales can thoroughly enjoy. The price is 3s 6d.

NATION SHALL SPEAK PEACE UNTO NATION

It seems that German schoolchildren prefer writing to Great Britain whenever they think of sending a letter to someone across the sea.

An organisation arranging for an exchange of letters between German boys and girls and the boys and girls of other countries finds that Great Britain is the favourite. America comes second. About 30,000 pupils take part in the scheme, the idea being that a correspondence between a German boy and, say, a boy in England or Czechoslovakia is not only a good way of learning another language but a sure way of cementing friendship between two countries.

Long ago it was prophesied that nation should speak unto nation, and now it seems that nation may write peace unto nation.

THE LAST WORD AT THE EMPIRE EXHIBITION

As the great crowd left the Empire Exhibition at Glasgow for the last time (the last of 12,500,000 people) a voice was heard echoing through the grounds from the loudspeakers; it was the Spirit of the Exhibition, and it said:

I, the Spirit of the Exhibition, greet you. I am no individual; I represent no one person or thing. I am the Spirit of the Exhibition.

I emerge from the fabric of its buildings, its gardens, its fountains, its lights. I am composed of all those who have contributed to its success.

Success gives me voice on this closing night to express to all who have made me gratitude for their part. I live tonight, I die tonight. May memories of me abide in your hearts.

The Old Clothes Man



A drawing by G. Mackay, aged 14, at an exhibition of art from London church schools

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

NOVEMBER 12 1938

Start a New Idea

ONE of the best lessons on the folly of enmity between nations is afforded by considering that, from time to time, what is called public opinion (by which we mean general or mass opinion) changes the object of its enmity.

A century ago France was the great enemy. We defeated her, and it was that defeat which led to the rise of modern Germany. Now France is spoken of as the friend and Germany as the enemy.

Surely, when we look back on the long record of friends who became enemies, and enemies who became friends, we should pause before further committing ourselves to a continuance of the process. Why not make a new start?

Why not realise the essential truth that all men are very much alike, moved by the same hopes, the same fears? Why not help others to cherish hopes and to banish fears, to make the most of this little planet which is so badly in need of cooperative development?

What can war do? Here is the nation of Ruritania with 60,000,000 people. If we go to war with it we may kill a million Ruritaniens, which will leave 59,000,000 alive. In the process our own 50,000,000 will be reduced by the killing to 49,000,000. *The majority of both nations will remain, but all worse off because of the war.* What then? Who has gained? What is to prevent another war a few years later, or another a few years later still?

The way out is simple. It is to renounce the Friend and Enemy conception and to make friends with all. It is as simple and sensible as that.

Let Me Not See Our Country's Honour Fade

IN the long vista of the years to roll,

Let me not see our country's honour fade;

O let me see our land retain her soul,

Her pride, her freedom, and not freedom's shade.

From thy bright eyes unusual brightness shed,

Beneath thy pinions canopy my head.

Let me not see the patriot's high bequest,

Great Liberty! how great in plain attire!

With the base purple of a court oppressed,

Bowing her head, and ready to expire,

But let me see thee stoop from heaven on wings

That fill the skies with silver glitterings. Keats, addressing Hope



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter. House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



What Fear Does

THE war crisis, which arose suddenly and as suddenly ended, left its traces on trade. In September the value of the building plans submitted to Local Authorities fell to £6,876,000, as compared with £9,183,000 in September last year.

Here we get a hint of the losses that would have been incurred if our Prime Minister had not made peace at the end of that tragic month. Fear paralysed activity and brought much promising enterprise to naught.

Garden Pride

TENANTS who do not share Tyne-mouth's pride in its new council houses will find themselves paying sixpence a week more rent next Lady Day.

That is the price of untidiness. The council gave each house a garden, which every Englishman is said to love. Those who do not show themselves true-born Englishmen by keeping the garden tidy will have to pay the sixpence.

It is a first-rate way of impressing on tenants the duty of being good neighbours, for one neglected garden spoils the look of all the others round about it. Many good lessons are taught in a garden—thrift and industry, and an eye for things lovely and of good report; but the chief of all is one's duty to one's neighbour.

House pride is an old English virtue. Garden pride comes next.

Spoiling Dartmoor

IT is surprising that the Devon County Council has for so long tolerated the advertisement hoarding at the famous corner of Dartmoor where we turn round to enter Moretonhampstead.

There was a Moretonhampstead boy who pulled down a German flag in Africa, and we should like to see the Moretonhampstead men pull down this English hoarding.

Piping Along

*A merry heart goes all the way,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.*

WITHOUT the Dagenham Girl Pipers the Lord Mayor's Show would lose one of its glories. This is the sixth year of their appearance in it.

If there is a Lord Mayor's Show in 1999 they hope to be still piping on their way; and if in the year 2000 there is any Dagenham they intend to hold a Girl Piper's Reunion there on New Year's Day.

Some of us cannot hope to see that glorious day or to hear it heralded by the stirring sounds of the Dagenham pipes; but more than fifty girls of the pipers are confident. They have signed a Keep Fit pledge in order to live to a healthy old age, and so in their late seventies to attend that distant festival. By that time they will have piped in their Diamond Jubilee, and some may still have breath to blow in the new 21st Century. Good luck to them when the time comes.

Where is Arijaba?

THE newest Post Office story to reach us is told of a British sailor, quite illiterate, who made friends with a Lascar who had no knowledge of the names of English towns, but said he would write to the sailor if he would give him his address. He did so, and the Lascar addressed the letter:

to Ion Mills
Keyside
Arijaba

The letter was duly delivered, the Post Office having no difficulty over the first two lines: John Mills, Quayside. What was the name of the town? ARIJABA—Harwich Harbour.

JUST AN IDEA

As a rule the happiest people are those who are so busy doing their duty that they have no time to look for happiness.

Under the Editor's Table

Peter Puck
Wants To Know



If keeping fit is
the footballer's goal

THERE is said to be snobbery among skaters. At the rink one never knows whom one may come up against.

A GOOD servant has tact.
Knows how to save a situation.

SOME Londoners formed a torchlight procession to protest against fast traffic. A flare up.

A COMMERCIAL traveller says he always carries his money on him. Makes it go a long way.

CLOTHES that are in the wash too often soon vanish, says a housewife. Into the blue?

BARBERS are among the most loyal of men. Never cut their friends.

GIRLS clever at needlework are glad to give hints to others. The tips of their fingers.

POLICE motorists are more numerous. A driving force.

CHILDREN tend to run in certain grooves, declares a teacher. But they prefer to run in fields

Who Is England?

WHEN you're down and out and hopeless, and a demon at your side

Whispers, "What's the use of trying? Give it up, and let things slide."

Just sit down and think of England, she whose cradle was a grave, She who had to win to freedom from the bondage of a slave.

Tell yourself her tale of glory, then let England's dead reply

To the question of your spirit, *Who is England if not I?*

What is England's glorious story but the story one by one

Of her children sternly minded that their duty should be done?

Each for ever holding firmly to the simple rules of right,

Each with dauntless heart believing wrong can never win a fight.

These were England, and they fashioned all the grandeur that we see,

And their blood that won the triumph flows for God in you and me.

Dorset Friends

By a Country Girl

A CAT and dog life, we say when we want to describe a very cross partnership indeed.

But cats and dogs do not always disagree; they sometimes act most charitably towards one another. Here, for instance, is the story of the Dorset friends Trilby and Nicky.

Trilby, a sheepdog, came to her Studland home 17 years ago. She was rescued from a kennel and heavy chain by a kindly artist, who in return only asked her to respect the numerous bob-tailed cats which were in his studio.

She took the pussies to her bosom and watched over them as she would have watched her flock had she had a flock to guard. As long as she was hale and hearty, and even after she had begun to fail, she was a shaggy tower of strength to her adopted family.

Now, however, all has changed. Trilby, stone deaf and quite blind, is tenderly cared for by Nicky, one of the studio cats. He watches over her from the divan when she dozes before the fire, and when she gets to her feet he jumps down with a gentle mew and, close by her head, shepherds her through the door to where she wants to go. He trots in front, stops often to see if she is coming, and if she cannot scent him he runs back, brushes against her old nose, and goes on again. Strangely enough, he always knows whither she wants to go and never fails to lead her there and back.

To An Infant Just Come Into The World

On parent's knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled;
So live, that sinking in thy long last sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep. Sir William Jones

THE FRENCH SENATE

Why a Second Chamber?

Nearly all the world's Parliaments are divided into two parts—a lower or "popular" House, and an upper House, whose members are, or are supposed to be, older and wiser than those who man the lower House.

This upper House is usually called the Senate. In our own case we have a popularly elected House of Commons and a Senate formed of peers who sit by virtue of their hereditary right, upheld by law. The powers of our House of Lords are very limited. It cannot reject or alter a Finance Bill, and it can only hold up for a short period the passing into law of any other sort of Bill. Its discussions, however, are often of value.

A senatorial election has just occurred in France, where the Senate has no resemblance whatever to our British House of Lords.

The French Senate represents the regional Departments, and Senators must be 40 years old or more, presumably to ensure that they shall be men of experience. Senators sit for nine years, and a third of them retire every three years, so that the life of the Senate is continuous. It is not elected by popular vote; the senatorial electors are the Local Deputies and Local Government Councillors. Therefore there are no public meetings or speeches; the electors are relatively few and readily reached by personal appeal.

The People's House

Some people think that a Parliament does not need a second or upper House, however manned, holding that the people elect the lower House and that, therefore, the people's House should decide. In Britain we have really got rid of a Senate, for, as we have already noted, it can do no more than suspend a measure for a brief period.

In America the Senate is very important in the Federal Parliament (Congress) at Washington. Its members represent the 48 States, and it has greater prestige than the lower House—the House of Representatives, as it is called. There are two Senators for each of the 48 States. The American Senate, like the French one, has a continuous life; senators sit for six years and a third of them retire each second year.

So we have it on record that, while Britain has in effect deprived its Senate of all power, in America the written constitution set up a real and effective Senate which plays a serious and important part in national affairs.

A PAIR OF BOOTS

A Word to 100 C N Friends

All who heard the wireless appeal of Mr Eddie Williams from Cardiff must have been deeply moved by the stories he told of the life about him every day.

He was asking for £300 to buy 1000 pairs of boots for the boys and girls of the unemployed in South Wales.

Mr Williams is headmaster of Blaina School, and he knows by bitter experience how the want of sound boots plays havoc with a child's health and education. When the boots let water in there are empty places in the classrooms, or soon will be.

Last winter kindly folk gave Mr. Williams 170 pairs of boots and he sold them at a shilling to take away the sting of charity and to buy boots for a few more; Mr Williams is something of a statesman as well as a teacher.

Remember that it rains much in Wales, and remember what poor boots would mean to you.

Will just 100 C N readers send a pair to Blaina? It would be a great thanksgiving for the fact that war has not destroyed us.

WHAT THE GREAT WAR COST

23,000,000 Lives

68,000,000,000 Pounds

THE PRICE PAID FOR FEAR, MISERY, AND POVERTY

IN the 20th year of the Peace the Carnegie Peace Endowment has published a remarkable essay on the cost of the Great War in money and in life.

The greatest cost is the fact that the war killed 23 million people—10 million soldiers and 13 million civilians. And such lives! The slain soldiers were the flower of the world. Counted among them were poets and painters, architects and sculptors, musicians and scientists, whose worth is lost for ever.

In addition to these, 23 million soldiers were wounded or missing and 10 million people became refugees. Widows, orphans, and permanent cripples and invalids were made by the million.

In terms of money the writer of this essay estimates that the Great War cost £68,000,000,000, of which £38,000,000,000 were spent directly by Governments, while £30,000,000,000 went in destruction of property and stoppage of industry.

These gigantic sums could have been spent to transform the whole world in a material sense. What a world of happiness and prosperity they would have made for us all!

Peace (nominally) was made in 1919, and promises were made to disarm the nations, but in effect the war went on. So far from laying down their arms the Great War filled them with such fresh fears that Mr Thomas Watson, the writer of this essay, records the

following advances in armament expenditure since 1913:

Growth of Spending on Fear	
Britain ..	£77,000,000 to £174,000,000
France ..	£61,000,000 to £130,000,000
Germany ..	£56,000,000 to £312,000,000
Italy ..	£39,000,000 to £58,000,000
United States ..	£49,000,000 to £192,000,000
The Five Nations	£282,000,000 to £866,000,000

Instead of settling existing world problems the war created many new ones, and in 1938 the whole world has trembled at the threat of another Great War, the question at issue rising directly from the Peace Treaties made at Paris in 1919.

The war issue of 1938 was settled peaceably because a courageous Prime Minister, whose mind was one with the best spirit of his time, refused to admit that war could settle anything.

A world of strife is thus brought happily to pause. Here is the great opportunity. The two nations, Britain and Germany, can now readily make peace; those who assert the contrary are enemies of all mankind. An Anglo-German settlement alone is needed to safeguard the future.

Every nation in the world longs for peace, and if danger remains it is because a minority of men cannot reshape their minds. In our own land there are some who, escaped from a great terror, now speak lightly of the escape, but their number is diminishing, and the policy of peace, of friendly adjustment, of fruitful collaboration, must sooner or later hold the field.

Cleopatra's Fleet to Have a Successor

AT a cost of rather more than three million pounds Egypt is to build herself a little navy of 36 vessels, comprising submarines, minesweepers, and mine-layers.

This she does as an ally of Great Britain; and it is interesting to recall that when last her fleet came into world history Britain had already experienced a Roman invasion. That was 1969 years ago.

Augustus Caesar was at grips with Mark Antony for possession of all the known world; and allied with Antony was Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt. In order not to antagonise the many powerful friends of Antony, Augustus declared war, not on him, but on Cleopatra, and in the autumn of 31 B.C. (24 years after the arrival of Julius Caesar in Britain) the rival forces met near Actium, on the west coast of Greece.

Antony added his forces to those of Cleopatra; and between them they had an army of 112,000 cavalry and infantry, who were stationed on one side of the gulf, while at sea they had 500 ships, of which 60 of the finest were furnished by Cleopatra. Augustus had only 90,000 soldiers and half as many ships as Antony, but his ships were swifter and more easily handled, and the battle was decided at sea.

As was customary in those days, Cleopatra accompanied the forces to battle and was at sea when the engagement began, not with Antony, but in a ship of her own. The battle was a fore-

shadowing, in a way, of our battle with the Spanish Armada, for, although Antony's vessels were very big and powerful and had mighty engines for casting stones at the enemy, they were easily outsailed and outfought by their better disciplined opponents.

Even so, weight of numbers might have told in the end but for the cowardice of Cleopatra. Terrified that victory did not attend her fleet after hours of severe fighting, she gave a signal, withdrew her ships, and fled at full speed to Egypt.

The infatuated Antony, instead of staying to fight on with his 440 remaining ships, turned about, hurried after her, and left his fleet to perish or scatter, and his army to surrender at discretion.

That was the beginning of the end; the battle below the cliffs of Actium decided the fate of Europe for the next few centuries.

£500,000 For Africans

The British Government, with the Governments of Kenya, Tanganyika, and Uganda, have established an endowment fund of £500,000 for the University College of Makerere in Uganda, where native Africans may obtain higher education.

This grant was recommended by a commission which visited Uganda earlier this year under the leadership of Lord De La Warr, our new Minister for Education.

A ROOSEVELT TRIUMPH

40-Hour Week For USA

THE CHILDREN'S CHARTER

President Roosevelt's Fair Labour Standards Act which has come into operation, is a landmark in American history.

In the face of determined opposition the President, hampered by a cast-iron Constitution which does not even enable him to introduce a measure into Congress save by indirect means, has secured legislation forming a Labour Charter.

It is estimated that under the new law nearly a million people will receive higher wages, while 1,500,000 or more will have their hours of labour reduced. The reform is made compulsory by steps.

For the first year the minimum wage is 15 an hour and the maximum working week 44 hours.

In the following six years the minimum wage rises to 15 3d and the week is reduced to 40 hours.

In the eighth year the maximum hours remain at 40 but the minimum pay rises to 15 8d.

Mastering the Machine

It is especially gratifying that the overworking of children is ended by this measure. It becomes illegal to employ children under 14, and in certain arduous industries the lowest age for work is 16 or even 18.

It is wonderful to think of a nation of 130 million people enjoying a 40-hour working week, which will be reached in the year 1946.

Man thus proceeds from being a slave of machinery to making machinery his slave. We now get recognition of the fact that machinery, properly regarded, makes man the master of material things.

To recall a little history, Mr Roosevelt's famous New Deal embodied these very provisions, but his National Recovery Administration was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States. What the Fair Labour Standards Act does is to pass into law the wages and hours provisions which perished through the Supreme Court's decision. It has meant a two-year struggle in Congress.

Herrings

The herring fishery is now closely supervised by the Herring Board. The Herring Board's policy is to modify the catch with reference to demand and so to keep up price. Thus we read that when, on the east coast, for the second day in succession, the herring fleet came into Lowestoft with full catches, but some of the afternoon boats were unable to dispose of their fish because the Herring Board curbed the activities of the curers.

Again, to prevent the market being glutted on one day, none of the 160 boats which arrived the previous day was allowed to return to sea.

Probably, owing to lack of proper distribution, there is nothing to be done but to regulate production; but why should not the State set up a thorough process of fish distribution?

The nation, we are assured, is seriously underfed. Herrings are a most nutritious diet. Why, then, should it be impossible to feed cheap herrings to hungry people?

A Gallant Boy Brigader

The Diploma for Gallant Conduct of the Boys Brigade has been awarded to John Snook, a 15-year-old Cardiff lad.

Two boys and a woman bathing at Lavernock in Glamorgan were being swept away by a strong current. A man went to the rescue and John went with him. When they had saved the woman and one of the boys the man collapsed and John brought him ashore. He then swam out alone and dived for the other boy, but failed to reach him.

A TRANSFORMATION BY THE THAMES

The Great White Palace Above the Marshes

LONDON has a new spectacle. Looking west from Blackfriars Bridge to where the river curves and is lost to sight, its massive new buildings look like the white cliffs of London's Thames.

Leaving the vexed question whether they are as handsome as those they have replaced, or whether they consort with the stately beauty of Somerset House, we may see in them the culmination of London's effort to harness its Thames between bridges and to rid itself of its marshes.

The old Adelphi was the last step but one, and the Victoria Embankment the last. The Embankment was built by

only the most resolute men would have attempted. They had to raise a terrace forty feet above high-water mark, on a foundation of the muddy foreshore of the river. At that date, which was 1769, the Thames came up to the Buckingham Water Gate, now high and dry in Charing Cross public garden, and swans were there among the reeds. A water-tower for pumping water from the river for the householders of the Strand stood by it, and farther east the shore carried on past Durham House Yard.

Durham House had a strange, chequered history. The Princess Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh had dwelt in it;

established it in what was a bay made by the Thames. It had to be raised; and when this was done a series of arches had to be built on it for the support of the terrace above and the streets of houses abutting on it. Many of these arches were known to Londoners for a century afterwards as the Dark Arches; and they are visible still.

Even if the task had been undertaken today, with all the aid of steel and concrete and modern cranes, it would be difficult enough. In that 18th-century day it was all brickwork, and its accomplishment seems almost a miracle. Records of the progress of the work are scanty, and the Adam brothers left behind them only architectural drawings of the designs, and no representations of the half-finished outlines of the structure itself.

Cheap Irish Labour

There was no Muirhead Bone then to draw pictures of the intricacy of the arches for us. The only drawings resembling anything of the kind were made by the Italian draughtsman Piranesi, and one of his etchings, published in a series depicting imaginary prisons, gives a weird impression of what the bricklayers had to face. Most of these bricklayers and hodmen were Scottish or Irish, and it is said that the building of the Adelphi marked the introduction of cheap Irish labour in England. When all was finished the cost had been so great that the brothers had to sell their work at a loss.

It was sold and resold, and it marked the beginning of a practical attempt to hold the London Thames within bounds. It was the corner-stone of the scheme which ninety years later, after being held up in three reigns, embanked the Thames from Blackfriars to Westminster. This splendid feat of engineer-



public money after a debate which was begun when Christopher Wren first suggested the idea, and which London had dallied with during three reigns. That is London's way, and the irremovable scar of Charing Cross Bridge may well beat that record in procrastination. But the old Adelphi was built by private enterprise at a cost which nearly bankrupted its architects; and here precedent was again followed, for most of the new departures and improvements in London, and some which are not improvements, have been carried out by resolute men who have not waited on public opinion or have defied it. Rennie, who built old Waterloo Bridge, was a Scot; and so were those who raised the Adelphi.

They were the brothers Adam, Robert, James, and John, sons of William, of whom Robert was the genius and the moving spirit, and James his industrious helper and adviser. The three worked together; they left their mark on many a London building, from Portland Place to the Admiralty in Whitehall, and from Ken Wood to Fitzroy Square and Lansdowne House. Lansdowne House has gone and Adelphi Terrace has followed it, but the fame of the brothers survives, and in the Adelphi (The Brothers), the name which London gave it in the 18th century.

The Adelphi was the most ambitious of their works of building, if not the most renowned of their achievements in architecture, and it was something that

The New Adelphi, opened last week, and the Old Adelphi Terrace the view from which the public may still enjoy

Lord High Admiral Seymour had made part of it a royal mint; Lady Jane Grey left it for the Tower. Then it had an Exchange and a row of shops, from one of which came the Miss Clarges who married General Monk, and who witnessed its slow decay. The most decayed part of it was Durham House Yard, an unprofitable ruin heaped with rubbish, and made muddier by the river which flooded it every tide. This was what the brothers Adam bought to build on, because it was cheap and they were clever. It proved very dear in the end, for to begin with it was no more than a shallow bay with a mud bottom.

First they had difficulties with the City Fathers, who declared that this attempt to put back the river infringed their rights; and when their legal point was settled they found that their base level had been taken too low. They had



ing, begun by Sir Joseph Bazalgette in 1864 and finished in 1870, reclaimed 38 acres from the river and supplied the road and frontage which all know now as the Victoria Embankment.

All who have sought to embank the Thames have dreamed of much more extended stretches of reclamation than they lived to see. The taming of the river and the abolition of its marshes have been done piecemeal since the days of the Romans, who were the first to begin it and embanked the longest reaches, towards the river's estuary. But Chelsea Embankment followed the

Libya, the

For The

A striking mass migration has Italy, nearly 1900 families leaving Libya, where they are to settle once been prepared for them. As this

ITALY has always hoped to found a new Roman Empire in Africa, ever since the patriot Mazzini declared in 1838 that "North Africa belongs to Italy."

That century-old aspiration, contemplating an empire which was to start from Eritrea in East Africa, absorb Abyssinia and the Upper Nile, and so work round to the port of Tripoli, and thence northwards along the Mediterranean coast, has suffered more than one disappointment. The last of them, when France took Tunis, leaving only Tripoli to Italy, drove Italy into the Triple Alliance with Germany and Austria.

So much for history. The only thing remaining to be chronicled is that when Libya, as part of the meagre possessions of Italy, was being colonised a few years before the war Turkey objected, and Italy had to fight for her rights. During the war the Italian occupation was continually threatened by Turk and Arab, more especially by the warlike Senussi Arabs, who have been a pest to Egyptian, British, and Italian alike, and it is only since the war that Italy has consolidated her position in her Promised Land.

The promise is greater than in Abyssinia, which, in spite of the expenditure of so much labour, so much money, and so many lives, is still a liability rather than an asset of any value, because already Italian colonists are there, Italian schools, a few short Italian railways, and hundreds of miles of the splendid

Victoria Embankment, and opposite Chelsea a good bit of work done in Battersea resulted in the gift to London of Battersea Park.

Battersea Park was once a marshy waste, which, when rescued from the river, became a desolate waste of another kind, at last blossoming into Battersea Fields. It was the scene of donkey races and pigeon-shooting for many years, and the most distinguished episode in its career was a duel fought there between the Duke of Wellington and the Earl of Winchelsea. The Duke fired wide, the Earl fired in the air, nobody was hurt, and honour was satisfied. Less than twenty years after that the Metropolitan Board of Works bought 320 acres, and turned its market gardens into the park, which has today its lake and tennis courts, aviary, gymnasiums, and running track, a bowling green, and everything handsome about.

Such were the marshes which London reclaimed from its own particular Thames; but there were others on the Kent and Essex coasts of the estuary which have given trouble through the centuries: at Canvey Island (which Vermuyden and Joas Croppenburg, the Dutchmen saved for us); at Dagenham (where Captain Perry leapt into the breach); and on the Kentish coast near the Isle of Sheppey, the marshes Charles Dickens made famous in his story *Great Expectations*.

New Land of Hope Thousands of Italians

taken place in their homes for land which has migration began

Signor Mussolini announced that the four provinces of this North African Colony are in future to be included in the national territory of Italy. Here let us look at this new Land of Hope for so many Italians.

Italian roads. In the last twenty years the process of colonisation has made slow but sure advances, and in the last five some 5000 Italian peasants have been settled on the land in small groups. This experimental settlement has taught the Italian Government where and how a peasant proprietor can flourish.

On the face of it the problem of how to live and how to grow food in Libya, which Lord Salisbury at the time of the partition of Africa described as very light soil, is not a simple one. In Roman times, and before, it was regarded as a fertile wheat-growing country. Possibly it became so by slave labour. It does not seem likely to become so quickly now.

Libya's Four Regions.

Libya may be divided into four regions. Tripoli, or Tripolitania, on the north-west, extends from Tunis to the great Syrtis Desert. It consists of two zones: a level coastal plain dotted with fertile and well-populated oases, some of them the richest and most valuable land in Libya; and behind this plain a range of comparatively fertile hills, known as the Jebel.

Cyrenaica, on the north-east, from the Syrtis Desert to Egypt, is a high limestone plateau intersected by deep gulleys. Fezzan, on the south-west, is an arid and rocky desert, with deep, wide gulleys, or wadis, in which a few oases are scattered. The Libyan Desert on the south-east is a vast tract of sand almost entirely devoid of relief variety or water. It contains a few oases along its northern margin, and in the south is the Kufra group of oases, important as being the headquarters of the Senussi Arabs.

An Egypt Without a Nile

The value of the soil depends on the water supply, consequently cultivation is generally limited to the oases and the floors of the wadis. In those of the Jebel the underground waters overflow sufficiently to form natural wells or to irrigate the crops. Along the northern front of the plateau of Tripoli the rain falls in violent storms in the cold or rainy season from November to April. The dry season, May to October, has no rain at all; and the total rainfall of Italian Libya is equal to that of the drier parts of Italy, but is concentrated over a few months of the year.

These particulars of the not unhealthy climate of Libya afford some idea of the prospects of cultivation in the better lands of a territory which would become fertile with more widely distributed irrigation. It is an Egypt without a Nile, for it has few, slight and uncertain, streams. Hitherto the most flourishing inhabitants have been the mingled native tribes of Arabs, and Negro races who number about a third of the total of half a million. They live in and on the more cultivable parts of Libya and the Libyan

Desert, and there is plenty of room for them in a territory which, including desert, occupies 650,000 square miles—seven times that of Great Britain.

Tripoli, the largest town, accommodates 99,000 people, and Libya in all about 45,000 Italians and 25,000 Jews, who dwell mostly in the coast towns. They were there before the Italians, and generally got on reasonably well with the Arabs. Other towns of Libya are Benghazi with 48,000 people, Misurata with about 15,000, and Homs with 31,000. These are coast towns, and inland are the caravan halting places, the oases and the wadis in the rocky country.

Among oases of North Africa that of Siwa is the most famous, both because in Roman times it had an altar to Jupiter, and recent travellers have found there a dwelling-place honeycombed like a molehill with passages to its human cells. But Libya has oases more commonplace but far more suited to the livelihood of its inhabitants.

The Great Oasis

Dakhla and Kharga oases, separated from each other by 75 miles of waterless desert, were said by ancient writers to form one oasis known as the Great Oasis. Both differ widely from the usual idea of such places. Kharga, for example, is 140 miles long from north to south and supports 15 villages with a population of nearly 8000. Towards the east and north-west it is hemmed in by cliffs and hills. Its chief village is a long strip of about 1000 acres of a continuous grove of palms and cultivated land. Each plot of cultivation is about 60 acres, and is usually known by the name of the well that irrigates it.

It has forts, one with mud walls ten feet thick, built by the Romans, a ruined sandstone temple of Hibis, and other temples. Dakhla Oasis is more fertile, with villages packed closer together, and besides having a better water supply is better protected from the tearing north-west wind.

Traces of the Romans

There are many smaller villages in oases, where oranges and lemons, figs, olives, and almonds are cultivated, as well as crops of wheat, barley, rice, and vegetables. The palm trees are everywhere, and cattle and sheep, goats and donkeys, and the universal camel share their shade with the inhabitants.

Such is the land, fertile in many isolated areas, though there is so small a proportion of its imposing extent where Italy is finding room for another 20,000 Italian settlers. They will find many traces of former Roman occupation. Some of the oases are irrigated by artesian wells of unknown antiquity. They are all lined with wooden pipes which the Romans taught the people how to make.



A splendid new motor road under construction round a hillside near Derna in Cyrenaica



Ancient Roman Ruins in Libya—A fragment of the arch at Leptis Magna dedicated to the Emperor Septimus Severus



Native shepherds with their flocks in Tripoli

ANDROMEDA AND HER METEORS

Fragments of a Comet

By the C.N. Astronomer

The great constellation of Andromeda is now almost overhead between 8 and 10 o'clock, and presents a region of particular interest next week because it is from there that numerous meteors (the Andromedids) used to pour down upon the Earth. Even now a few may occasionally be seen as rather reddish "shooting stars," speeding in different directions from the *radiant* centre indicated by the broken circle on the star-map. They are most likely to be seen between November 17 and 23.

These meteors are the fast-vanishing remains of Biela's Comet, which was last seen, split in two pieces 1,270,000 miles apart, in 1852. Since then Biela's Comet, which should have returned at intervals of 6½ years, has been replaced by displays of meteors. Now only a few appear; nevertheless there is a fascination in catching a glimpse of yet another vanishing fragment as it speeds to destruction in our upper atmosphere.

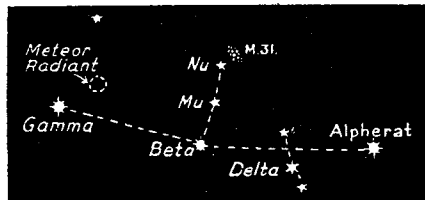
The Chained Lady's Head

The stars of Andromeda will be easily identified from the star-map if the observer faces south, when the long, curved line formed by the bright second-magnitude stars Alpherat, Beta, and Gamma in Andromeda will be apparent.

Alpherat, at the eastern end, represents the Head of the chained lady Andromeda. This star is composed of two suns, each about twice the diameter of our Sun, but so brilliant are they, being similar in type to Sirius, that together they radiate nearly 60 times more light than our Sun. Indeed, were they as near as Sirius and only 8½ light-years distant instead of being about 72 light-years distant, these suns of Alpherat would appear more than twice as bright. They are at an average distance apart of 43,700,000 miles and take about 96 days 16 hours to revolve round their common centre of gravity, travelling at an average speed of about 20 miles a second, just a little faster than the Earth.

Beta, also known as Mirach, is a reddish type of sun with a surface temperature less than half that of our Sun, but so immense is this sun that altogether it radiates nearly 70 times more light; but Beta is about 4,303,000 times farther away, that is, 86 light-years.

Gamma, or Almach, as it is sometimes called, is a remarkable solar system of



The chief stars of Andromeda

three suns; one an immense golden sun radiating nearly 90 times more light and heat than our Sun. The other two are of a bluish tint and not much larger than our Sun. These revolve round their centre of gravity once in 55 years, the whole system of suns being at a distance of about 93 light-years.

Delta, at a distance of 125 light-years, also has a companion sun resembling rather a far-distant flaming world, for it radiates only about one-fiftieth of the light of our Sun. The fainter star Mu is 99 light-years distant from us. Above this is Nu, still fainter, but of interest because composed of two suns of the very hot helium or Orion type, large, bluish, and very bright but not much more massive than our Sun. These average only about 6,600,000 miles apart and whirl round in their relatively small orbits in little more than 4½ days, the smaller sun at the terrific average speed of 65 miles a second—evidence that it was thrown off by fission from the larger one.

G. F. M.

To the CN

The modesty of the C.N. forbids it to print many tributes received from friends all over the world, but we feel that we may print these verses.

CASTING your seed to the four winds of heaven,
Sowing for harvests the future shall reap,
Type of high manhood, the nation salutes you,
Warm in its heart long your memory shall keep.

Would that you saw the reward of your labours,
Measured your harvest as farmer his wheat,
Talked with the men who exult in glad manhood,
Noble because they have sat at your feet.

Praise is not sounded by trumpets and cymbals,
Thoroughfares carry no banners for you,
Yet you are throned as a king without jewels,
Over the hearts of your followers true.

Tales you have told that have stirred youthful ardour,
Changing the fainthearts to victors again,
Tales that have fired young hearts to ambition,
Thrilled by the conquests of men who were Men.

Closed to the legions of children before them,
Gates you have opened to gardens of gold,
Bidding them travel the pathways of splendour,
All the world's goodness and glory behold.

Knowledge goes clothed there in garments of Beauty,
Wisdom is there in the habit of Truth,
There shall they drink at the Fountain of Friendship
Peace to the nations, Goodwill to their youth.

So, when the world knows a new generation,
Men you have moulded will walk o'er the earth,
Fighters for goodness with weapons of kindness,
Singing in triumph the nation's rebirth.

Guide to our children, the nation salutes you,
Soon, in the years that are swift on the way,
Seeds you have sown shall reach forth to their harvest.
Men of tomorrow are children today.

Horace Connolly

Hope For Millions of Poor People

STATESMEN of many nations are telling us of their hope to secure access to, and widespread distribution of, the earth's raw materials to all peoples capable of utilising them.

May we hope also for a full pooling of knowledge as well as of resources? Much has been done, but far more awaits the doing. Cooperation in research may in time make new Edens of those centres of pestilence which are so common in tropical lands.

One remarkable discovery revealed a staggering fact in the life-history of a parasite affecting a thousand million lives in the Tropics, with infinite loss of life and suffering. The discovery was as great a romance as anything in fiction. Some years ago Professor Looss was experimenting in Egypt with the development from the egg of the deadly hookworm, which, it was supposed, invaded the body only when anyone drank water containing it.

In his laboratory he spilt a drop of water on his hand, and almost at once felt a curious burning. Thinking this arose from some poison in the water,

possibly caused by the larvae of the parasites, he filtered some of the fluid and applied that to his hand, with no result. Applying more of the water containing the larvae, he experienced a renewal of the discomfort. Was it possible that the larvae entered the body through the skin?

Various experiments established the truth of this, and investigation showed that infection arises in 90 per cent of cases in this way. The larvae seize on anyone who comes in contact with the moist surfaces in which they breed.

Here was the explanation of the degenerate condition of the two million people, ungenerously called "poor white trash," inhabiting southern areas of the United States; to say nothing of the millions and millions of sufferers within measurable distance of the Equator.

The cause discovered, the cure was still to be found, and that, thanks to a gift of 20 million pounds by J. D. Rockefeller, was at once attempted with gratifying results. But there is far more for our scientists to do, and far more to be learned of diseases.

The Hare and the Car

There is always something new to learn in Nature.

We have come upon the experience of a Norfolk observer who, driving his car along one of his pretty country lanes not long ago, saw a hare come dashing out of the hedge and making straight for the part of the road over which, in less than a second, the car must pass.

Without checking its hasty dash, and with no apparent suggestion of effort, the hare, with one magnificent spring, leapt clean over the bonnet of the car without touching it, alighted safely on the other side, and trotted calmly away as if such a feat was all in a Norfolk hare's business day.

100 Million Trees

New Zealand's Forest Service is preparing to plant 100,000 acres of barren land with pines and other quick-growing trees in the next five years.

Already there are in the Dominion great new forests of pines planted by the State, with a total of 428,200 acres. Timber from these forests, which are just becoming old enough to supply the sawmills, was worth over £100,000 last year. This year it is expected that more than three times as much will be cut.

In the next five years another 100 million trees will be planted on State lands—nearly 70 trees for every man, woman, and child in New Zealand.

THE IDLE MAN'S CAMP

An Idea for Tramps

Something should be done about the tramp. A suggestion made at the conference of Young Wayfarers' Hostels is worth consideration.

There are tramps who walk from places where there is no work for them to do to try to find a job. These are often genuine cases. The Dover Road knows them and so does Richard Watts's House for Six Poor Travellers at Rochester, where many a labouring man on the tramp for work has written in its book his name and trade and destination. Hundreds more in these days of distressed areas and unemployment seek or find less comfortable shelter for the night.

Such wayfarers as these might be given tickets or registration books to warrant their genuine needs, and probably to help them in their search.

But there are larger numbers on the roads who tramp from place to place, from casual ward to casual ward, if need be, but with the more frequent hope of getting better fare and lodgings by begging as they go. They do not want work. It is the last thing they want, and their useless lives are spent in avoiding it.

Teaching Them To Work

For these the only remedy is some way of making them work, and this might be done by putting them into some sort of labour camp where they could be taught what work was like.

Such labour camps might fail to convert the tramp who so often belongs to the class of unemployables into a good workman. But it would separate the sheep from the goats, and the incurable vagrant from the man who for want of work is in danger of becoming one.

At the present time, when there should be a large amount of unskilled labour to be done, the country cannot afford to have idle mouths. The experiment of trying to make them earn their bread is worth trying, and would be less costly than leaving them to beg it. The man who can work but will not is the most expensive burden any country can bear.

Safety Points

South Carolina is proposing the following points in a Safety Pledge to protect her children against the dangers of traffic.

I will not hang on the back of vehicles.
I will not play basketball, football, or hoops on or near the streets or highways.
I will not run or walk across a street in the middle of the block unless there is a safety zone in the block.

I will never walk in the middle of the streets or on the highway if there is any other place provided for me to walk.

When I ride in the school bus I will not talk to the driver or make unnecessary noises, and when I get off the bus I will not play on the highway.

I will walk, never run, across the highway.

When I get off a street car or bus I will look in both directions, and if traffic is clear will walk (not run) to the other side.

I will not climb telephone, telegraph, or electric light poles.

I will not climb any tree that has a wire of any kind running through it. I will not play along railroad tracks.

I will remove all unsafe things round my home that may injure my friends, the members of my family, or myself.

At all times I pledge to think and act safely myself and to try to help others to be safe. Every day in every way I will be safe in my thoughts, my words, and my deeds.

QUEEN OF WOMEN POETS

An Exciting Find

An exciting story comes from Milan, where Professor Achilo Vogliano, returned from an excavating expedition in Egypt, reports that among the 12,000 papyri with ancient Greek and Egyptian writings that he has discovered is one containing fragments of a poem by Sappho, the most famous woman poet of the ancient world.

Sappho, according to the story, was a lovely woman who lived in the island of Lesbos in the seventh century before Christ, and, blessed with genius matching her beauty, immortalised herself by poems such as woman had never written before or equalled since. Nearly all her work has perished, and we know of her gifts and works mainly from other immortal writers who followed her.

They called her the Tenth Muse, so far did she outdistance all other writers of her sex, and when she died the people of her native island worshipped her name and memory as those of a goddess and raised proud temples in her honour.

The new fragment discovered mentions a daughter of whom she fondly sings. This must be Cleis, the one child of her marriage, of whom there is preserved to us already these lines from her pen, "I have a fair little child, with a shape like a golden flower, Cleis, my darling."

Rome and Constantinople, twin capitals of the old Roman Empire, and repositories of practically all the classical learning preserved to Christendom, had many of Sappho's poems, but, an age arising which thought her subjects too frivolous, all the known copies of her work were burnt in 1071. Mankind has mourned the loss ever since.

We are little likely to regain much of her work now, but the little we have sustains the claims made for her genius by the ancients.

Give Them Playing-Fields

There is sad news for the spirited boys and girls who dash about the pavements on roller-skates. They must do it no more in Middlesex.

The Home Office says so, and is prepared to confirm a byelaw of the Middlesex County Council forbidding this use of the footways as a playground. What Middlesex bans today Surrey and Essex will frown upon tomorrow, and London will see the juvenile roller-skater's unsteady progress no more.

Old fogies will rejoice, for nothing is more disturbing to elderly serenity than the sight of a small boy or girl, with wildly waving arms, bearing down on the passer-by on skates with which they are far from having come to terms. But old fogies who are thus benefited should, as an act of thankfulness, contribute to the playing-fields of which these youthful street performers are so much in need.

The Friendly Cities

Suppose, said the C N the other day, suppose we all come out of our shelters, burn our masks, laugh heartily, and arrange cheap trips (cheaper than shelters, and how much more pleasant) to visit each other's happy, smiling lands! Only suppose!

Salford and Bradford are going to see what they can do about it. Two meetings have been held, one in the parlour of Salford's mayor and the other in the Mayor of Bradford's parlour. Representatives of the religious, social, educational life of both cities have met and discussed to see what could be done about visiting each other's cities. Finally the L M S was called in, and now they are to go ahead with the scheme.

One lot of sportsmen will visit Bradford from Salford and another group from Bradford will return the visit. So with religious and other bodies. Each will show the other round their city.

The Cat and the Baby Squirrels

FOR the second year in succession a dog has brought up a litter of Zoo tiger cubs whose mother would not do her duty by them.

The foster mother had not been tested for the task; she was brought up from the provinces by one who knew she would accept the foundlings without demur.

Many animals will accept the offspring of different kinds of creatures, but some will not tolerate a stranger near them. A mother elephant will not befriend a stranger calf elephant; a sheep will not support a motherless lamb, even if she has lost her own.

People who live in the country where animals are many, and fatal accidents among them not uncommon, inherit a store of knowledge on this subject of the adoption by one animal of the progeny of another. Most of us would say that a mother cat, angered by the loss of her kittens, would make a meal of baby squirrels that she might chance to encounter. But Gilbert White of Selborne had a little boy in his parish who knew better than that.

He took three tiny baby squirrels from their nest, carried them home,

and placed them with a fierce cat whose kittens had been removed from her. He knew she would not eat them and was completely confident of her adopting them.

And she did, proving herself a most devoted mother to the trio. News of the wonder spreading through the village, many people went to see the foster mother and her charges. The visits aroused the fear and jealousy of the cat, so she took her charges one by one in her mouth and carried them by a perilous climb up through the ceiling into a cheerless loft above. The emigration cost one of the babies its life, but she devotedly nursed the two others and brought them to healthy maturity.

Needless to say the old parson was deeply impressed. The wonder convinced him, he said, that there might be truth in the legends and stories of human children, such as Romulus and Remus, the legendary founders of Rome, having been nurtured in infancy by animals moved to compassion as was this motherly old cat with the three Selborne squirrel babies.

Sir Henry Wood Looks Back on Life

ONE day a schoolboy was asked to name the patron saint of music, and unhesitatingly he replied, "Sir Henry Wood."

Sir Henry tells the story himself in his autobiography, which he has just issued. It is 50 years ago since, as a youth of 19, he first handled a conductor's baton, 44 years ago since he conducted his first Promenade Concert at the newly-built Queen's Hall. Since then he has, year by year, tactfully and gradually, made the man and woman in the street familiar with the latest novelties and the greatest masterpieces of music. His book has all the energy and good humour which this bearded Cockney shows in the concert hall.

He was born only a stone's throw from Queen's Hall, at 318 Oxford Street. His father was an optician by trade and by nature a lover of books, painting, and music.

Henry, who was a musical prodigy, received every encouragement from his parents and by the age of 14 was giving organ recitals in public.

He was, all the same, a very human boy. His playroom contained, among other treasures, a model railway, white mice, silkworms, a rabbit, and a piece

of damp blanket on which he grew mustard and cress.

"Between my parents' bedroom and mine (he says) I fitted up a speaking-tube with mouthpieces and whistles. One of my delights was to blow the whistle before my parents went to sleep and get my father to sing to me."

Hundreds of famous musicians appear in Sir Henry's lively pages. He recalls how the first performance of Elgar's Pomp and Circumstance March in D (the one which ends with the tune of Land of Hope and Glory) was first played at a Promenade Concert in 1900.

"I shall never forget the scene at its close," says he. "It was the one and only time in the history of the Promenade Concerts that an orchestral item was accorded a double encore."

Sir Henry has this year celebrated his jubilee, and it seemed typical of his big human qualities that he should devote all the proceeds to the establishment of beds in London hospitals for sick musicians.

That generous gesture is the clue to his greatness: he has never forgotten in his long career that music is made for human beings by human beings. Long live Sir Henry!

DOMINION LOSES A MUCH-LOVED MAN

An Archbishop Who Mended Clocks

New Zealand is the poorer for the death of Archbishop Julius, the first Primate of the Church of England in New Zealand.

His was a long and well-spent life. He had many graces, a strong faith, vigorous health, splendid intellect, spontaneous wit, forceful personality, wide human sympathy, courage, and understanding.

The archbishop was born at Richmond in 1847, and became Bishop of Christchurch in 1890. At 78 he retired, but this only meant that he shed the cloak of office, for he continued to preach.

So great was his zeal for church education that he forfeited half his income and his life at Bishopscourt, the home of the Bishops of Christchurch, and went to live in a modest house in a suburb of his cathedral city.

He was a mechanical genius, and delighted to repair clocks. Sometimes with the simplest tools, sometimes only with a hairpin and a penknife, he would set clocks going in country vicarages. Once when he was opening a new church school the box containing the ceremonial key could not be opened, and the architect and officials were very concerned until the archbishop leaned over and asked for the box. He asked if some lady would lend him a hairpin, and then, with an apparently effortless twist of the pin, he had the box open.

A Tireless Worker

When motor-cars came in the bishop found a new source of joy; he had his first car for ten years without spending a penny on repairs.

His hobbies and his pleasures were never out of proportion. He was a tireless worker in any good cause, and when occasion demanded it he could be fearlessly outspoken and courageous. His advice was always based on the sound judgment of a well-balanced man.

"New Zealand's best-loved parson" was the title bestowed on Archbishop Julius by common consent. He was one of the people. Their sacrifices were his. To set an example of the need for personal sacrifice during war-time he relinquished his pipe, though he was all his life an inveterate smoker.

He gave the Dominion the richest years of a full life, and New Zealand needs no memorial to hold his memory dear.

The Tide-Mills

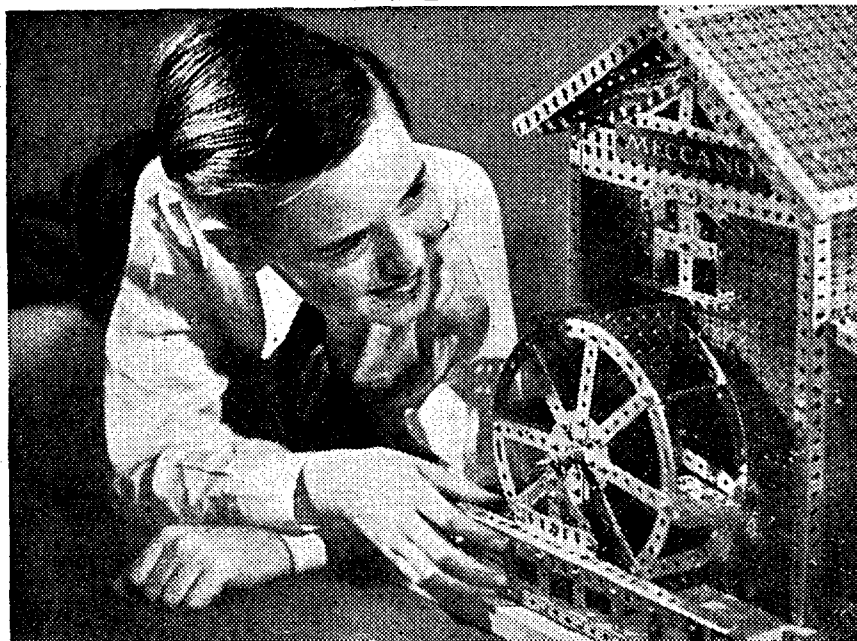
Speaking to the Newcomen Society, Mr Rex Wailes has been telling the story of his researches over the last two years, and it may surprise us to know that he has found that up and down our land are more tide-mills than most of us would have expected to find.

He has come upon 23, ten in working order, two now being worked by other power, five used for other purposes than the purpose for which they were built, and six standing derelict with fragments of machinery. Besides these Mr Wailes has been able to trace references to many other mills which were once busy but have since vanished.

Till 1930 Essex had a tide-mill at St Osyth Creek. It had at one time belonged to St Osyth's Abbey, and was in use before Columbus sailed to America. The mill stands on a bridge and has two wheels. Near Rochester is a tide-mill still at work. It is a weather-boarded, red-tiled building about 220 years old, and its wheel is 18 feet across.

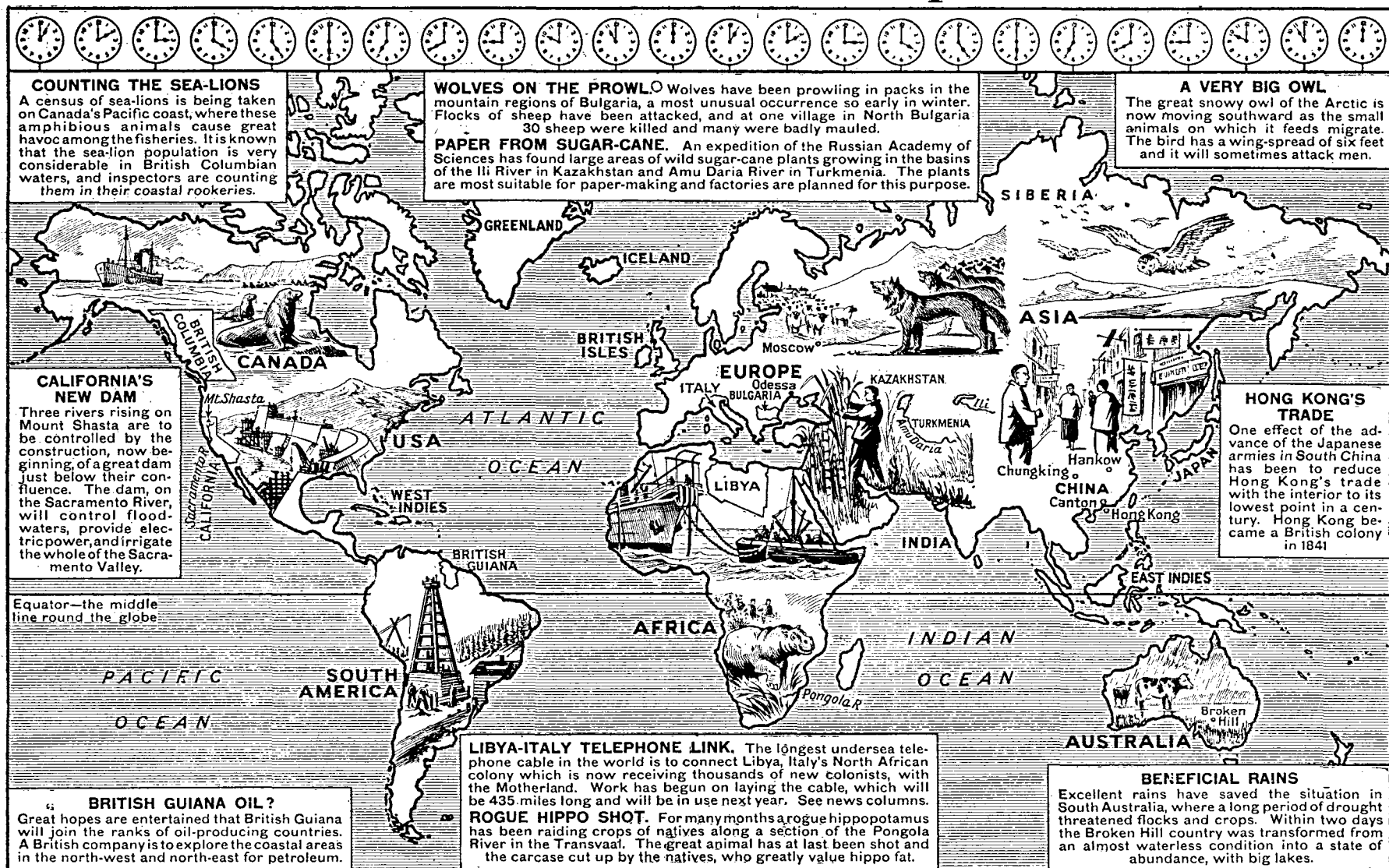
Two mills still working at Bromley-by-Bow have a history going back to 1135, though one was rebuilt in 1776, the other in 1817. Another very old tide-mill is the one at Woodbridge on the Deben Estuary in Suffolk; the records of this mill go back to 1170.

The Young Engineer



Watermills are a rare sight in these days, but this Meccano boy has succeeded in making a splendid model

CN Picture-News and Time Map of the World



AMERICAN REVIVAL Good For the World

The sudden setback in American activity last year led to a drop in prices and curtailment of production which seriously affected the world at large. It is pleasant to note that a recovery appears to be under way, as sudden in its course as the relapse of 1937.

General Motors Corporation has announced that it is taking on 35,000 more workers. The steel industry has recovered much of its heavy losses. Building is going ahead and will be further helped by the campaign against slums. The Government's spending and lending is having its effect on activities generally. There is a notable turn in the tide of employment.

It is too early to say that America is making for a new period of prosperity. What is certain is that she has all the necessary resources and must, sooner or later, find the means to develop them.

A Word in Jest

We are told that many a true word is spoken in jest, and the saying is illustrated by the story of a chair.

Years ago two Boston men were chatting one day when one said, "I wish I could do something to help mankind."

"Give them more comfortable chairs," remarked his friend, never intending to be taken seriously; "this one is anything but comfortable."

To his astonishment the other man took him at his word. "You are right," said he; "what is wanted is a cheaper and more comfortable chair."

He set to work. Looking for a cheap material, he found rattan on the docks, the canes discarded after being used for wrapping cargoes from the Orient. They gave him an idea, and thus began the making of rattan furniture, an industry now employing thousands of people.

Deserted Villages of Cecil Rhodes's Country

IN some parts of Rhodesia the tribesmen have a pathetic word for their deserted villages. They call them the Silent Lands.

These are the lands from which they unwillingly departed when, a quarter of a century ago, the Chartered Company took over 10,000 square miles when the Natives left. What followed is described in the Government report on Labour Conditions in Northern Rhodesia, just presented by Major G. Orde Browne, labour adviser to the Colonial Office.

When the land was taken over, he reports, the transfer was unfortunately followed by the eviction of numbers of the Natives, even though the land was not then wanted, and indeed has never yet been utilised for white settlement.

Wide stretches thus lie waste, and the white man's plane flying over them can see where the Natives used to have their villages and cultivated their crops. The tribesmen deeply regret their lost country, where their own simple and primitive conditions of life might be described as peasants or farmers working on small holdings, conditions of life which

had grown up through many generations and were entirely suited to them.

The white man has not settled there. The Native has forgotten how to make the best of what is left to him, and, according to Major Orde Browne, either lives in miserable villages, where he is half starved, or moves on to places where mining and other forms of industrialism have taken the place of agriculture, and where he gets good wages and a more adventurous life.

In the mines he is well fed and well looked after, and returns to his native village, if and when he does return, better than he left it. But the village decays; and in Eastern Rhodesia and in Barotseland the spectacle is presented of an underfed, weakly population, with the best of its menfolk drained away by the distant lure of high wages.

Meanwhile there is in almost all countries of Africa a growing shortage of labour; and this, combined with the decay of village life and the Native community, suggests that our way of administering Africa for the Native's benefit is not all it should be.

A Wonderland For the Blind

MOST of us at some time or other have felt how handicapped are the blind, even though they are brave and self-reliant.

There is a sense in which blindness brings with it a crippling of the limbs due to the impossibility of unthinking action. A blind man finding his way along the street is more cautious than one with sight, and as a consequence is not able to walk with the same swing or break into a run. As a rule the blind man does not exercise his muscles

as vigorously as those who can see, and so dare to take long strides instead of short ones.

But there is one spot where the blind are as careless as their more fortunate fellows. It is at the baths. Very pathetic it is at some of our public baths to see a blind man standing at the door of his cubicle waiting for some friend to pilot him to the water; but once he is in he takes a new lease of life, finds instant freedom, and is like a prisoner set at liberty.

TURNING THE WHEELS

Straw, Peat, and Mud For Cars

Although they have to call in engineers from other nations to start them, the Russians seem apt pupils.

From a nation of serfs they are slowly developing into a nation of mechanics, or agriculturists who cultivate by means of mechanical implements.

They have immense resources in petroleum, but, owing to the great distance which it has to be carried from the wells to the centres of industry, this form of fuel is difficult and costly to use. So they are testing and perfecting fuels that can be produced where the cars and tractors need them.

According to a report, they are now utilising dried mud, rich in organic remains, from which they extract a fuel oil; and as they have 20 million tons of this available within 100 miles of Leningrad, and unlimited quantities for the seeking elsewhere, an important new source of energy has been tapped.

Further, they have invented motor tractors that can run on gas generated from wood chips; and their scientists are now experimenting with coal, peat, and straw as sources of motor fuel.

Secret of the Caves

Evidence has just been produced at Odessa that the South Ukraine, Russia's important grain-producing area, was once of a tropical and semi-desert nature.

While examining the catacombs at Odessa an expedition of the Academy of Sciences discovered some ancient caves about 80 feet below the surface. In the caves were heaps of bones, about ten thousand in all, belonging to sabre-toothed tigers, mastodons, camels, and ostriches. All these creatures, some long extinct, ranged in climes far warmer than the Ukraine of today.

The discovery was one of the most important yet made in Europe.

USA AND US Trade Treaty Troubles

The projected Trade Treaty between America and Great Britain still hangs fire. It is, of course, a very difficult matter, owing to the great difference in the respective trades and the influence of the Ottawa agreement.

The American customs tariff is very high and ours very low. It is, therefore, difficult for us to offer much in the way of tariff reduction in favour of America.

The Ottawa agreement, by virtue of which we give Free Trade to Dominion products while the Dominions give us preferential tariff treatment for our manufactures, is another stumbling block. America wants us to favour, for example, her timber and her tobacco, but if we do this we correspondingly reduce the advantages given to our Dominions.

We could not alter our agreements with the Dominions without their consent, and we, on our part, have to remember that the Britains overseas take about half our exports, while the USA is a very poor customer, taxing heavily nearly all that we have to sell.

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

Here are details of the Broadcasts to Schools for next week.

England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 Science and Gardening—The Later Stages of Growth: by B. A. Keen. 2.30 Preparatory Concert Lesson—Bird and Animal Musicians: by J. W. Horton.

TUESDAY, 11.0 Physical Training (for use in halls). 11.25 History in the Making. 11.45 Physical Training (for use in classrooms). 2.5 Our Parish—The Old Barn. 2.30 Our English Speech: by Harold Orton. 3.0 Concert Lesson—Tunes that Change Places; Oboe and Bassoon: by Thomas Armstrong.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 World History—A Wise Man of the East, the Emperor Asoka: by Rhoda Power. 2.30 Biology—The Defences of the Body: by H. Munro Fox.

THURSDAY, 11.25 Neglect and Care of Forests—What Canada Does: by K. G. Fensom. 2.5 How Animals Disguise Themselves: by C. C. Gaddum. 2.30 British History—The Peasants' Revolt: by E. A. Craddock.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Flying to India: by J. A. L. Drummond. 2.45 A True Story. 3.10 Emptying the Dustbin—what happens to rubbish. 3.35 Talk for Sixth Forms—The Stoics: by Sir Richard Livingstone.

Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.30 Speech Training for Seniors: by Anne H. McAllister.

TUESDAY, 11.0 and 11.45 As National. 2.5 Round the Village—The Angler: by John R. Allan. 2.30 Book Talk (Owd Bob, by Alfred Ollivant): by W. M. Clyde. 3.0 As National.

WEDNESDAY, 11.5 Speech Training for Juniors—Marking Time: by Anne H. McAllister. 2.30 Animal Homes: by A. D. Peacock.

THURSDAY, 11.0 Intermediate French. 2.5 Music—Simple Time and Time Signatures: by Herbert Wiseman. 2.40 Nature Study—Highland Monarchs: by James Ritchie. 3.5 Scottish History—The Towns: by R. L. Mackie.

FRIDAY, 2.5 British Empire Geography (Buccaneers and Bananas—Jamaica): by S. McDowell. 2.45 Scenes from Treasure Island: by W. M. Clyde.

Keeping Back the Sand Dunes

The engineers of New Zealand's Public Works Department have been fighting a successful battle against the invading sand dunes which were threatening thousands of acres of farm land near the mouth of the Waikato River.

To stop the advance of the sand they have since 1932 planted over 4000 acres with marram grass from Spain. The marram won the battle, and the ground gained was consolidated by planting yellow lupins. So far 1700 acres of lupins have been planted, and as a further protection a million pine trees are being planted to form shelter belts from the westerly winds.

A CLEAN LONDON The Thing is Possible

Public men are continually complaining, and with reason, of the smoke of London.

The Leader of the L.C.C. says that smoke costs the people of London between 20s and 30s per head per annum. Taking the population of the L.C.C. area as four millions, £1 per head, the best estimate yet made, is the equivalent of a county rate of 1s 6d in the pound.

The Minister of Health says he would like to see the members of the London County Council in what would be equivalent to an open-air Greek theatre, with the smoke and smuts cleared away, so that it would be possible for them to indulge, not merely in the poetry but in the clothes of Ancient Greece.

There is a very simple remedy for an admitted evil. Let the L.C.C. promote a Bill making it compulsory for citizens to burn fuel in one of four different forms, each of which means the use of coal:

1. As smokeless coal (low temperature coke), which can be burned in ordinary grates.
2. As anthracite, a smokeless coal which demands the use of a special stove.
3. As gas, whether for heating or cooking.
4. As electricity for all purposes.

One of these alternatives would suit any pocket. Their adoption would give us a clean, bright London. It would be necessary, also, to compel every factory owner to use electricity or to instal a cleaning plant.

The Shabby Old Lady at the Kinema

In real life there are many people like the shabby old woman of the story book who turns out to be a fairy in disguise.

A kinema attendant and a dancer of New York have had a wonderful reward for showing kindness to an old lady. She was always first in the queue at every new film at the Radio City kinema. The old lady was shabbily dressed and looked so frail that the two women arranged for the doorkeeper to allow her to go inside and sit down until the show started.

A few weeks ago the women noticed that the old lady appeared no more, and the news came that she had died. It turned out that she was a rich recluse with no relations, and she left a fortune to be divided between the dancer and kinema attendant who had been kind to her.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C.N. of November 1913

Momentous Discovery Made in London. There is a new hope for the human race. A new power has come into the world, silently and almost unnoticed. It is radium, itself almost a new discovery, which has given us the new hope, something hardly less marvellous than if a wizard had touched the sunlight and made the desert bloom.

Radium, discovered by Madame Curie, the famous Polish woman who works in Paris, is a marvellous metal which constantly discharges energy rays, which have the remarkable power of curing diseases that the surgeon's instruments cannot reach. Radium gives off a gas which can be collected, and the new discovery is that this vapour, or emanation, has the same power to cure that radium itself has. The clever men at the Radium Institute have turned this power to account. They catch the vapour from the radium, conduct it through glass tubes into metal boxes from which it cannot escape, and imprison it in glass tubes encased in lead, through which its energy cannot pierce. What this means is that there lately came into the world a priceless cure which only the very rich could afford; and that this priceless cure has now split itself up so that it can be put in boxes and sent to any sick-bed.

A Game in a Million for the Millions

STAK-A-STIK

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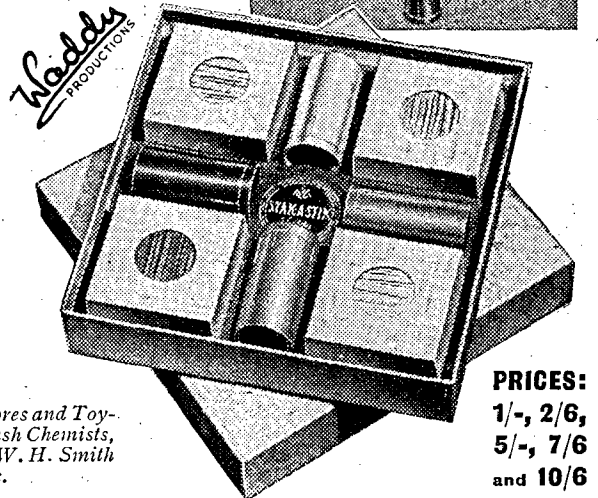
It's the Very Latest Craze!

If you haven't played Stak-a-Stik yet you've missed one of the grandest games out. Take home a box today and gather round the fire-side with your friends and family, and watch their eyes glisten as you introduce them to this new thrill.

The stack illustrated here contains 7,000 sticks and was built by a girl of 15, without any previous experience whatsoever. So you can see what can be done! Any number of players can take part, and the game has many exciting variations.

"Stak-a-Stik" will make any party go with a swing. No more dull evenings, no more "don't-know-what-to-do" tiresome hours, no more family squalls when you have Stak-a-Stik in the house.

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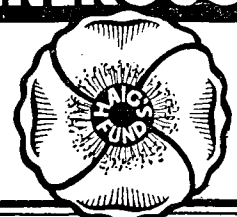


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POPPY DAY
Nov. 11

MISS TUCKETT'S NEPHEW

By T. C. Bridges

Educating Alfred

CHAPTER 1

The Picnic Party

"SAM!" came a voice from the other side of the hedge, and Sam Tuckett, who was digging potatoes, stuck his spade in the ground and went across.

"I thought it was you, Lady," he said with a smile as he saw Lady Lamburn sitting at the wheel of her smart two-seater.

"Come in," he suggested.

"No, it's you I came to see, not your aunt. Come out here."

So Sam in his shirt sleeves went round by the side gate and stood beside the car.

"Sam," said her ladyship, "we are going on a picnic to Brantholme on Friday. Will you and Dan come?"

"Sure," Sam answered readily. "That'll be fine."

"I'm not asking your aunt," said Lady Lamburn. "She does not like the sea. The car shall call for you boys at ten. We shall expect you to build the fire and boil the kettle."

"That'll be all right," Sam told her.

Friday dawned fine, but there were wind clouds in the sky. Sharp at ten a Cope Hall car called for the Tucketts. Terry, the chauffeur, a great friend of the boys, had some news for them.

"Did you hear about young Mr Digby Dobbs? He's got into proper trouble. Ran down an old lady with that sports car of his and broke her arm. The magistrates have taken away his licence and fined him £50."

"Won't come out of his pocket," said Sam. "His ma will have to pay."

The car entered the drive and the beautiful old red-brick house came into sight, with its broad lawns and gay flower beds. There were several people in the porch, and Dan, whose eyes were sharp, spoke up suddenly. "If that ain't him!"

"Who?" Sam asked.

"Alfred."

Sam's eyes widened. He knew Lady Lamburn's opinion of Alfred Digby Dobbs and was amazed. But Dan was right. There was Alfred, wearing white flannel trousers, a blue blazer with gilt buttons, and a yachting cap.

Then, as the car drove up, Alfred saw the Tucketts, and his face registered such horror that Dan nearly laughed. But Lady Lamburn frowned at him and Dan kept a straight face. He even succeeded in saying Good-morning quite civilly to the big youth. But Alfred did not offer to shake hands. Then the whole party got into the big Daimler and set out for Scarport, where Condor, the Lamburns' yacht, was lying.

Brantholme Island, which belonged to the Lamburns, lay about seven miles off the coast. It was a mile long but quite narrow. The north end was craggy, the south low and covered with coarse grass and bushes. Thousands of sea-birds nested there, and in the spring a watcher lived in a hut on the island. But now nesting time was over and the island was given up to the birds.

Condor lay to a few hundred yards off shore and the dinghy was put over. Then Lady Lamburn asked Alfred if he would be good enough to go ashore with the Tucketts and start a fire to boil the kettle. "Lord Lamburn and I want to sail round the island and have a look at the birds," she explained.

Alfred looked anything but happy, but could not find an excuse for refusing, so climbed clumsily into the boat.

"We'll row," Sam said. "You steer."

By this time there was quite a strong breeze and the small boat tossed in lively fashion, while spray blew over her. Alfred did not attempt to steer. He sat in the stern sheets, grasping the sides. His flabby face went a sickly yellow. As the boat's keel grated on the sand Sam and Dan, who were in shorts and bare-legged, jumped out and hauled her up.

"All safe, mister," said Sam. "Climb out and help collect driftwood."

Alfred climbed out shakily, but the firm beach gave him confidence.

"I will leave that to you," he said freezingly, and took a seat on a tussock.

Sam and Dan exchanged glances. They said nothing, but set to collecting driftwood, of which there was plenty. They scraped a trench in the sand under lee of a rock, lit a neat little fire, unpacked the hamper, and put on the kettle. By the time they had spread the cloth and laid out the food the yacht was in sight again, coming round the south end of the island. The wind was increasing and her sails were reefed.

"She'll have a job to get back," Sam remarked soberly.

"Reckon they'll use the engine," Dan said.

The Condor came on slowly, but the wind was against her and she seemed to be getting farther away rather than nearer.

"She's signalling," Sam said sharply, as flags broke out at the mast head. "What's that? . . . Will fetch you when weather improves." The flags fell, the Condor put about and went flying back in the direction of the mainland.

Alfred sprang up. "What's this mean?" he cried.

"It means, I reckon, the engine's broken down, and we've got to stay here till they can come and fetch us," Sam told him.

"On this beastly island. Don't talk nonsense. I'm not going to stay here."

Dan pointed to the dinghy. "There's the boat, mister. You got nothing to do but get in and row yourself home."

Alfred glared. "Don't be a fool. I can't row. And look at the waves."

"You might swim," Dan suggested.

"Swim!" snorted Alfred, with bitter contempt.

"If you can't row and can't swim I reckon you better sit down and eat," said Sam. "Which'll you have, salmon salad or game pie?"

But Alfred was too upset too eat.

"Suppose they don't come back before night," he groaned.

"Won't hurt us," Sam answered.

"There's blankets and grub in the watcher's shack."

"But I have no pyjamas—not even a razor," Alfred moaned.

"You'd look fine with a beard," said Dan heartlessly. "This pie is prime. Better have some."

But Alfred was not listening. He was watching the white sails of the yacht fading in the distance.

CHAPTER 2

A Change For Alfred

By the time the boys had finished lunch and packed up half a gale was blowing.

"Guess we'd better go look over the shack," Sam said, and started. The cabin had one good-sized room and a lean-to kitchen. There were bunks against the

wall, a stove, table, chairs, and in a cupboard plenty of bacon, flour, tea, sugar, and tinned things.

"Right nice," said Sam. "Lots of grub and everything."

"But who is going to cook?" demanded Alfred.

"You, for one," Sam told him.

"I never cooked in my life," Alfred said curtly.

"Time you learned," was Sam's unfeeling answer. He looked at the sky. "Rain coming soon. Guess we'd better get some wood in. Come on, Alfred."

"My name is Digby Dobbs," said Alfred haughtily.

Sam's face hardened slightly.

"It don't matter what your name is. So long as we're stranded here you've got to do your share."

Alfred turned sulky.

"If you think I'm going to ruin my clothes carrying filthy firewood you're jolly well mistaken," he snapped.

Sam only smiled. He nodded to Dan and the two went out.

"You're treating him easy," said Dan.

"Plenty of time," was all Sam said.

An hour later they were back with big loads of wood. Alfred was lying on a bunk, looking very sulky. The Tucketts never even glanced at him. They started tidying up the place.

The weather grew worse, and by five a full gale was roaring across the island. Sam lit a fire in the stove, Dan began to peel potatoes. With these and onions and a tin of beef he made a stew. About six Dan set the table. By this time the stew filled the place with a most savoury smell. Dan dished it up as neatly as any woman. Alfred roused. He had had no lunch and now was hungry. He dragged a chair over to the table.

"I'll have some of that stew," he said.

"Nothing doing," Sam told him. "Those that don't work don't eat."

Alfred flamed up. He snatched at the dish. Before he could reach it the two boys were on him. He struggled, but his muscles were flabby. He hadn't a chance, and before he knew it was back on his bunk and—what was worse—tied to it.

He raved, but the boys paid no attention. They calmly finished their supper, washed up, then, as the rain had stopped, went for a walk.

It was dark when they got back. They lit a lamp and released Alfred.

JACKO FINDING FATHER

JACKO came in to tea one dark afternoon whistling cheerfully.

"Is the fog bad?" asked his mother.

"Frightful," answered Jacko. "Pea soup variety."

"Oh, dear!" said Mother Jacko. "I do hope Father will get home safely. His eyes aren't so good as they were, and he does so dislike fog."

Someone caught hold of him and swung him round.

Out of the darkness came the glow of a bright charcoal fire.

"Hallo!" cried Jacko. It was his old friend the night watchman.

"You seem all right in here," grinned Jacko, following him into his shelter.

"That's a jolly good fire you've got."



"Oh, there you are!" cried a voice

"Coo!" commented Jacko. "I like it."

"Then if you are so fond of it," said his mother, "you had better go to meet your father."

"Righto," agreed Jacko, and off he went that minute.

"What a fuss!" he muttered, as he ran down the garden path. "I don't call this a fog."

But once outside he altered his opinion. It got rapidly worse. And the farther he went the thicker it grew.

"Bliss if I know where I am," he growled, stumbling over a kerbstone.

Suddenly: "Look out!" shouted a voice. "Mind where you're going."

"Want it on a night like this," said the man, pulling out a bag of muffins. "Reminds me of . . ."

Whereupon Jacko settled himself down to listen.

One tale followed another. They must have been sitting there yarning quite a time when a voice cried: "Oh, there you are!"

"Dad!" exclaimed Jacko, jumping up. It was.

"You come along with me," ordered Father Jacko sternly. "At once. Your mother is in a nice state about you. In fact," he added, "she was so anxious that she sent me to find you."

By next morning Alfred was hungry for the first time in his life—really hungry. He got up very early while the brothers were still asleep and crept into the kitchen. There was not a mouthful of cooked food. Sam had seen to that. Also the cupboard was locked. Alfred crawled back to bed and spent two aching hours before the boys roused. They jumped up and took towels.

"Coming to bathe?" Sam asked Alfred.

"I don't bathe," replied Alfred.

"You do," replied Sam firmly. "If you want any breakfast."

Alfred, realising that he had no choice, took the towel that was offered him and went down to the beach. It was a bright morning, but there was still a lot of wind. Alfred, boiling inwardly, shivered as he stepped into the sea. "I can't swim," he snarled.

"Time you learned," Sam said, and Alfred found himself securely held by both arms and run out into four feet of water. Then he was turned, face to shore, and made to take a few strokes. A wave broke over his head and he was hauled out, snuffling and snorting. Between rage and exercise, he was quite warm when he got back. Sam let him off cheaply. All he had to do was slice the bacon for breakfast, and of this he made such a mess that Dan took it from him and finished it. They had porridge, bacon, fried bread, and tea; Alfred did not leave a crumb.

Sam spoke. "Dan and I are going fishing. I reckon you can wash dishes. Get to it."

Alfred got to it. He broke a cup and got his white trousers in a horrid mess. Then he went out to look for the yacht. No sign of it, and he grew so bored he went for a walk. He strolled along the beach till he came to the cliffs. There he sat down in a sheltered cove and promptly went to sleep.

He was roused by a swash of cold water. A wave had broken over his legs. It had never occurred to him that the tide rose over this beach. He looked round to find himself completely cut off. He could not go forward or back.

To say that Alfred was scared is putting it mildly. He couldn't swim, the boat was not in sight and the tide coming in fast. He flung himself on the cliff behind him and claved his way to a ledge about ten feet up. It was impossible to climb higher. There he sat, shivering and shaking while the water rose remorselessly. Time and again he shouted but there was no answer. The roar of the surf drowned his voice.

A wave top splashed his ledge. Alfred had given himself up for lost when the dinghy with the two boys rounded the point to the north. Alfred let out a shriek that scared the sea-birds and instantly the dinghy came racing inwards. The boys held it a few yards from the ledge.

"Jump!" Sam ordered. "Jump! We'll pull you out."

Spray dashed in Alfred's face. He realised blindly that the boat could come no nearer. He jumped.

What happened after that he hardly knew. For that matter, Sam never knew where he got the strength to haul Alfred's heavy body in over the stern. After that nothing was said until they reached the landing place. Alfred got out and helped to pull the boat up on the shingle. Then he turned to the boys. "Thanks," he said gruffly.

They reached the hut and set to getting dinner. Without being asked, Alfred began to lay the table. Dan's eyebrows rose.

"Bit of a change," he whispered to Sam.

It was a week before the Condor arrived. Lady Lamburn was at the rail as the dinghy came alongside. There were the two Tucketts, and with them a brown-faced youth in shirt and shorts with sun-tanned legs and arms.

Lady Lamburn turned to her husband. "That's never Alfred!" she said in a tone of utter amazement.

Lord Lamburn grinned. "It was," he said. Then Alfred himself swung lightly aboard and Lady Lamburn came forward.

"I'm so sorry—" she began, but Alfred cut her short.

"You needn't be. I've had a topping time. I'm going to ask Mother to buy me a boat. It beats a car any day. And she won't need to be scared, for I've learned to swim."

Lady Lamburn looked at him, noted the clear skin and the muscles showing in his forearms. She saw too that the sulky look had quite gone from his eyes.

"I think you have learned more than that, Alfred," she said gently, and Alfred nodded. "I jolly well have," he answered.

Later Sam got a word aside with Lady Lamburn. "Lady," he said, "what was the matter with that engine?"

Her eyes twinkled. "Not a thing," she answered.

Sam grinned. "I knew it was a plant."

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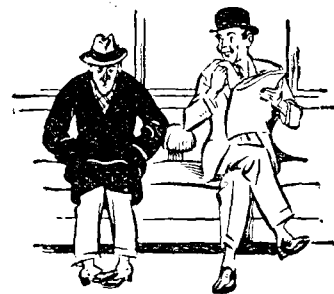
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C. E. Hand	10	6	Mrs. Hartel	1	0	St. Mary's Junior	5	0	Mrs. Ford	1	0
Miss D. Chenevix	5	0	Henry J. Beecher	1	0	Girls' Club	5	0	D. H. D'Arcy	2	6
Trench	10	8	L. & R. Hodgkin-	15	0	Mrs. G. W. Aves	5	0	Daffodil Club, per	2	0
Miss Peggy New-	5	0	son	15	0	Miss C. E. Oldfield	2	6	Miss B. Hart	2	0
ton	5	0	Miss Eleanor	4	0	Miss F. M. Dodd	5	0	Mrs. & Miss Bisson	10	0
Miss M. Walms-	7	6	Paterson	4	0	Miss Lightfoot	3	0	Mrs. Cotterill	1	0
ley	5	6	Mrs. Rollings	5	0	Miss Leigh, May-	4	6	James Heys	5	0
Miss E. M. Brooks	10	0	Mrs. Sowden	10	0	field School	4	6	Mrs. Lightfoot	10	0
C. Evans	10	0	Mrs. Sydenham	5	0	Mrs. Needham	10	0	Sir C. G. H. Faw-	1	0
Evans Farvens	10	0	W. A. Woodrow	5	0	Miss Oldrey	1	0	cett	1	0
Miss Hawkins	2	6	Miss M. Hutchin-	5	0	Miss M. Suther-	1	0	Lady Fawcett	1	0
Miss Kemble	5	0	son	5	0	land	5	0	Lady Hope	5	0
Miss A. E. Little-	1	10	Miss D. McGeechie	3	6	Emmasham House	5	0	Miss E. G. Holt	2	0
wood	1	10	Mrs. M. A. Stoker	5	0	School, Bexhill	5	0	E. M. C.	2	6
F. G. Pearce	2	6	Miss S. L. Upton	3	6	Mrs. M. G. Ford	4	6	Miss B. Crothers	5	0
W. Taylor	2	6	Miss N. Ritchie	10	0	Miss M. Locke	2	6	Miss R. Loly	2	6
Mrs. L. Thomas	2	6	H. Ashton	2	6	Mr. Col. J. Dalton	10	0	Young	15	0
Misses M. & A.	7	0	Miss H. Ferguson	5	0	White	10	0	Lake House School,	7	0
Wilkinson	2	6	Miss D. Glasson	1	10	Mrs. Hugh Brown	10	0	Bexhill	7	0
Miss A. Boyle	2	6	Miss Mary Andron	2	0	Miss M. Clayton	2	0	Miss M. Welford	5	0
M. N. Burridge	2	6	Fleetway Clerical	1	0	Miss A. Tudor-	2	6	Arthur Whiche	10	0
Mrs. W. B. Cas-	5	0	Chapel	1	0	Davies	2	6	Mrs. Fergus	10	0
tello	5	0	Miss G. E. Mat-	1	0	Major-Genl. A. H.	1	0	McCombie	10	0
Mrs. Lindsay	10	0	thewson	10	0	Eustace	1	0	son	2	6
Kearne	10	0	Miss M. Rena	7	6	Mrs. J. S. Miller	2	0	Mrs. E. D. Lander	2	6
Miss Joan McGil-	3	0	Mrs. Minnis	2	0	Miss J. M. Turner	2	6	Mrs. Parker	2	6
ford	3	0	Miss Dawnay	5	0	Miss R. Weston	2	6	Jervis	2	6
Miss O. M. Fegler	5	0	Miss Sylvia Wood	2	6	Mrs. S. L. Christie	15	0	Miss Grace Collins	1	10
J. R. Turner	5	0	E. G. Mansell	12	1	Miss A. Clark	2	6	Mrs. Williamson	5	0
Mrs. P. White	10	0	Miss E. Honeyman	5	0	Joseph Stanway	5	0	Miss M. E. Moore	5	0
Miss V. Reddrop	6	2	Mrs. R. S. Law-	2	0	Miss Petherick	10	0	Charles Goddard	2	6
Mrs. Smith	10	0	rence	2	0	Mrs. Havelock	25	0	Mrs. Christie	1	0
Mrs. A. Stansfield	10	0	Mr. Col. J. G. Fair	1	10	Miss Caldwell	1	0	Miller	1	0
Miss F. Wood	2	6	Ian Askew	1	10	Miss F. Hubbard	5	0	Miss Rose Gould	10	0
Miss J. M. Aber-	2	6	H. Farndon	1	10	Major-Genl. A. H.	1	0	Mrs. R. S. Harri-	1	10
nethy	2	6	Miss Radmall	4	6	Eustace	1	0	son	1	0
Miss R. Rains	5	0	Hon. Mrs. Seed	10	0	Misses J. & B.	2	0	Misses J.	1	0
Mrs. W. Smith	2	6	Miss E. Trinder	5	0	Porritt	2	0	Miss D. M. Smith	5	0
Misses Walker-	2	6	William Ward	2	6	Miss H. Thomet	14	0	Mrs. F. M. Warren	5	0
dine	2	6	J. H. Bolshaw	1	0	Mrs. Ford North	3	0	Mrs. Fryer	2	0
John Moss	2	0	Lady Caroline	10	6	(In Memory)	3	0	Miss M. M. Ben-	4	0
Mrs. Zehnder	2	0	Mowbray	10	6	Miss P. Eavis	10	6	son	2	0
Mrs. Percy Boxer	1	10	St. Anthony's	12	0	Mrs. Ford North	3	0	Mrs. Napier - Cla-	1	10
H. Carter	1	10	School, Walling-	12	0	Miss D. M. Nichol-	2	6	vering	1	10
Miss Wendy Jack-	1	5	ford	12	0	son	5	0	Mrs. S. Harris	2	0
son	1	5	The Lady Rose	1	10	Miss M. G. Grif-	2	0	Mrs. Finch White	10	6
Miss M. Mann	10	0	Paget	1	10	th	2	0	Miss Woodforde	2	6
Mrs. L. Page	10	0	Miss M. Harrison	2	0	Chale G.F.S. Can-	7	6	St. Mark's Church,	2	0
Mrs. Perry	10	0	Mrs. P. L. Haw-	2	6	didates			Bexhill	1	10
Mrs. M. G. Ash-	2	6	kins	2	6				Mrs. Fair	1	0
more	2	6							Anonymous	1	6

BUY ALL YOUR MEDICINES FROM YOUR CHEMIST



Keep Colds away with VAPEX

TRADE MARK
INHALANT

Colds and 'flu affect the entire system ; physically and mentally they impair your efficiency. Avoid them by using Vapex regularly—or, if you already have a cold, Vapex will quickly put you right by dealing direct with the cause of your distress.

VAPEX KILLS THE GERMS
Vapex stops colds and 'flu by destroying the germs where they lurk and breed in the warm recesses of nose and throat. Put a drop on your handkerchief and breathe the pleasant germicidal vapour frequently.

Each breath you take in this way will assist Nature to throw off infection. You feel the benefit immediately—respiration becomes easier, the bronchial passages are cleared, head stuffiness vanishes and the whole system is stimulated to increased resistance.

SAFETY Vapex is perfectly harmless. It contains no habit-forming drugs which require increased dosage to obtain effect. It does not merely "bottle up" the germs—it helps you to get rid of them safely. Vapex has a natural action—assisting the body to repel cold germs without affecting the delicate membranes of the nose and throat.

Use Vapex as a protection against colds and 'flu. Office-workers, school-children, cinema-goers all need Vapex as a safeguard from germs, which are particularly rife in closed rooms, offices, etc.

A single sprinkling on the handkerchief will last all day, because Vapex has the unusual property of gaining strength when exposed to the air.

Breathe the antiseptic vapour deeply and often.

From your Chemist 2/- & 3/-

V188

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

YOU WHO KNOW THE CN...

... need not be told that it is a paper which deals with all the news that *really* matters... that the sensational and the sordid have no place in its pages... that the boy or girl, or the man or woman, who reads the CN regularly stands out above the crowd as well-informed concerning the affairs of the world today.

KNOWING this, would you not wish to introduce the paper to a good friend? Please pass this copy on when you have finished with it and show your friend the Order Form below, which should be filled in and handed to a newsagent.

ORDER FORM

To _____ Newsagent
Please deliver THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER every Thursday until further notice to the following address:
Date _____ Signature _____

If no newsagent is available the CN can be delivered at any address in the world for 11s a year. Please send a cheque or postal order to The Amalgamated Press, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

November 12, 1938

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

THE BRAN TUB

Out of His Element

SWIMMING southward, a clumsy old seal
Ran ashore, and got stranded off Deal,
Where he moaned, all forlorn:
"Though an animal born,
Like a fish out of water I feel!"

This Week in Nature

IN the northern and eastern districts of the British Isles the little waxwing may now be seen. This winter visitor comes from the Arctic Circle regions, although its visits are irregular from year to year. The waxwing is soft drab in colour, with yellow and red markings on the wings, and yellow on the tail. The long crest on the head and red tips to the wings are the outstanding features.

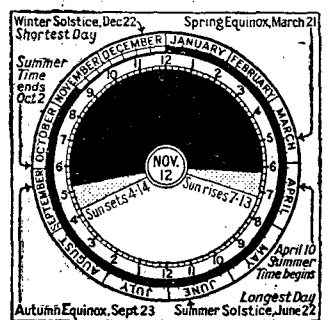
Logograph

TAKE away one letter and I murder; take away two, and I may die if the whole does not save me.

Answer next week

The C N Calendar

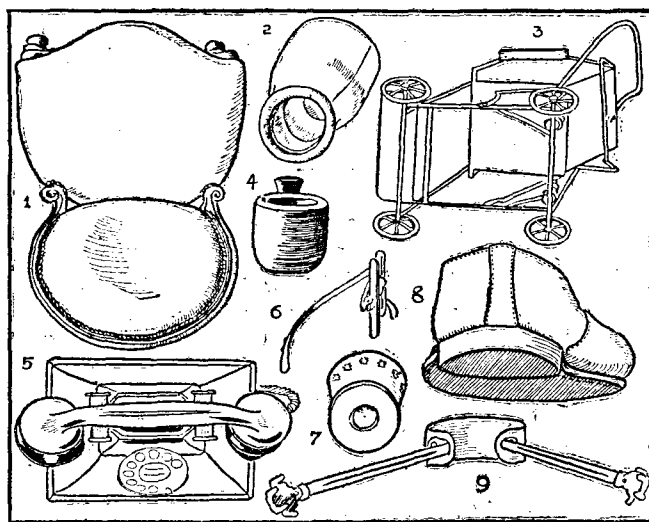
THIS calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on November 12. The black section of the circle under the months



shows at a glance how much of the year has already gone. The days are now getting shorter.

MANY PRIZES FOR RECOGNISING THESE OBJECTS

HERE are nine familiar objects seen from unfamiliar angles. Again this week 27 prizes are offered—two of ten shillings and 25 half-crowns—for senders of the best-written correct or nearest correct lists.



Ici on Parle Français



Le vase pot Les fleurs flowers La fenêtre window

Maman a mis un grand vase de fleurs à la fenêtre.

Mamma has put a big pot of flowers in the window.

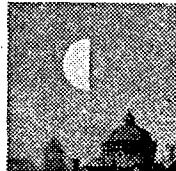
Logic

FROM Scotland comes this story of an old weather prophet who solemnly informed Lord Balfour that it was going to rain for 72 days. "My dear man," replied the statesman, "that is a long time. Why, the whole world was flooded in forty days."

"Aye," the old Scotsman agreed, "but it wasna' sae weel drained i' them days."

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Jupiter is in the south-west, Saturn is in the south, and Uranus in the south-east. In the morning Mars is in the east. The picture shows the moon as it may be seen at seven o'clock on Tuesday morning, November 15.



Spills from the Garden

WHEN the Michaelmas daisies and other herbaceous plants cease growth they leave quantities of dry stems behind. These are worth gathering, and, after the foliage has been stripped away, if they are cut into lengths of about ten inches the dry stems will provide excellent spills.

which must be in the handwriting of the entrant.

All the correct answers appear among the following:

Candlestick, Chair, Cotton-reel, Egg-cup, Ewer, Fire tongs, Fishing line, Folding pram, Ink-well, Milk bottle, Pipe, Shoe, Spectacles, Telephone.

Write your list on a post-card, add your name, address, and age, and send it to C N Competition Number 66, 1 Tallis House, London, E.C.4 (Comp), to arrive not later than first post on Thursday, November 17.

There is no entry fee for this competition, which is open to girls and boys of 15 or under. Age will be taken into consideration when judging.

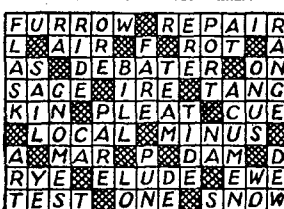
If you are a prizewinner and your entry bears the name and address of a friend who is not already a reader and who promises to take the C N for a month, 2s 6d will be awarded in addition to the prize.

What Happened on Your Birthday

- Nov. 13. Edward III born . 1312
- 14. James Bruce discovered source of the Nile . 1770
- 15. Sir William Herschel born . 1738
- 16. Henry III died . 1272
- 17. Mary I died . 1558
- 18. Sir David Wilkie born . 1785
- 19. President Garfield born 1831

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Anagram. Sink, inks, skin
Is This Your County? Cambridge
What is the Name? Beatrice
The C N Cross Word Puzzle



Arthur Mee's RAINBOW BOOKS

The Lovely 8

Arthur Mee has written eight lovely little books which you can buy for a shilling, put in your pocket, and read in an hour.

THE BROKEN DREAM OF WILBUR WRIGHT

CHRIST PASSING BY LITTLE BROTHER ISHI

100 LOVELY THINGS

GOOD-MORNING, YOUNG ENGLAND

LIFE CALLS TO YOUTH

OUR LIFE'S STAR

SHALL WE LIVE AGAIN?

They will make splendid Christmas cards

Hodder & Stoughton Is

MAGNESIA DISCOVERED TO WHITEN TEETH

How easy to have snowy-white teeth, according to the advertisements! Just use the right dentifrice, and dingiest teeth turn gleaming white. Well, it's true today, thanks to the discovery of what a certain brand of magnesia does to the acid discoloration of tooth enamel.

If your toothpaste contains 'Milk of Magnesia,' its daily use will wash away every stain. You can actually see the teeth whiten day by day, until they are a clear, natural white. Phillips' Dental Magnesia, containing 75% 'Milk of Magnesia,' will do this every time.

Countless people have found this to be so, because twelve thousand dentists have been advocating this new type of dentifrice to their patients. It has been found the most effective neutralizer of the mouth acids which cause cavities, and cause carefully-filled cavities to fall away from the filling. Even tartar does not form when 'Milk of Magnesia' keeps the mouth alkaline; teeth are as clean and smooth at the gumline as on polished surfaces.

But it's the amazing whitening properties that won such a large portion of the populace to this new type of dentifrice. Women are particularly partial to it, because noticeably white teeth are a true beauty asset. The words 'Milk of Magnesia' referred to by the writer of this article constitute the trade mark distinguishing Phillips' preparation of Magnesia as originally prepared by The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. To obtain the dentifrice recommended ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Price 6d., 10½d., 1/6 the tube of all chemists and stores.

When communicating with advertisers be sure to mention that you saw the announcement in THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER.

WHY CHILDREN ARE FRETFUL

Just think how harmful it is for a child to carry about a lot of poisonous waste matter in his inside! No wonder children sometimes are very fretful for no apparent reason! The safest way to give your child a thorough internal cleansing is 'California Syrup of Figs.' It sets up a natural movement that carries away all the clogging, hard waste-matter and leaves the little inside sweetened and clean.

A dose of delicious 'California Syrup of Figs' once a week keeps kiddies regular, happy and well. Get a bottle today, but be sure to ask for 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Of all chemists, 1/3 and 2/6.

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

"MUMMY, may I have quite a different birthday treat this year?" asked Jennifer. "I want to have all the six donkeys off the sands for the whole afternoon. May I?"

Mummy looked thoughtful. "I suppose we could, hire them. But why six?"

"I want the three Watkins and the two Allen boys as well," answered Jennifer.

"I'll speak to Daddy about it, because he must pay Mr Higgs the money he would make in donkey rides."

Daddy agreed. "So long as you don't overwork the little creatures," he said.

"We shan't do that," Jennifer said with a chuckle.

Mr Higgs agreed to send the donkeys up to Laburnam Lodge. "My boy Bill shall bring them along," he promised.

So it was settled. Mr Higgs and Bill gave the donkeys an extra special grooming on the birthday.

"Here they come!" shouted Jim Allen, throwing open the gate; and in they walked—Bob, Kitty, Dolly, Judy, Sam, and Ned. Bill Higgs made them stand in a row as they did on the sands.

"Come along, Missie. Up you get," he said to Nancy Watkins.

She shook her head. Bill was puzzled. "Ain't you

going to ride them?" he asked Jennifer. "No," she said. "This is to be a holiday for them, a nice rest from being ridden by people too big for them, or too heavy."

"That's right, Miss," said Bill. "We do try to treat 'em kind, but we can't always refuse a customer."

Then every child took possession of a donkey and began to decorate it with marigolds and cornflowers.

When all was ready Jennifer ran indoors to tell Mummy and Daddy and the maids to come.

Every child mounted a donkey and carried a large spray of golden rod. At

DONKEYS TO TEA

Bill Higgs's suggestion, Judy was made leader because she looked the smartest.

Bob wanted to hurry up and nearly spoilt the parade, but Dick Allen managed him splendidly.

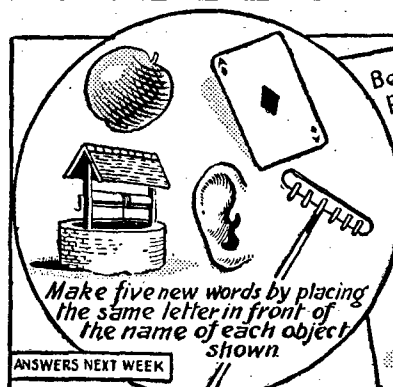
Then round the lawn the donkeys paraded, the riders waving their sprays as they passed their audience.

"Now for tea," cried Jennifer, jumping off Dolly.

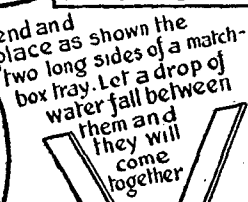
The donkeys were lined up and the riders brought baskets of attractive fare that set noses twitching.

"A real party for them," said Bill, grinning.

And the donkeys seemed to think so too.



Peter Puck's Fun Fair



Arrange the initial letters of the objects shown here to make the surnames of two famous racing motorists.

